

THE AMERICAN

# LEGION

MAGAZINE

MARCH 1951

15¢

## I.W.O.— Red Bulwark

By Louis Francis Budenz

### Help With Your Income Tax

By J. K. Lasser







The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



*"Situation well in hand!"*

Even the embarrassment of painting himself into a corner can't dampen a man's enthusiasm for Schlitz.

We think you'll like Schlitz best, too, because more people like the taste of Schlitz than any other beer. That's why Schlitz is...

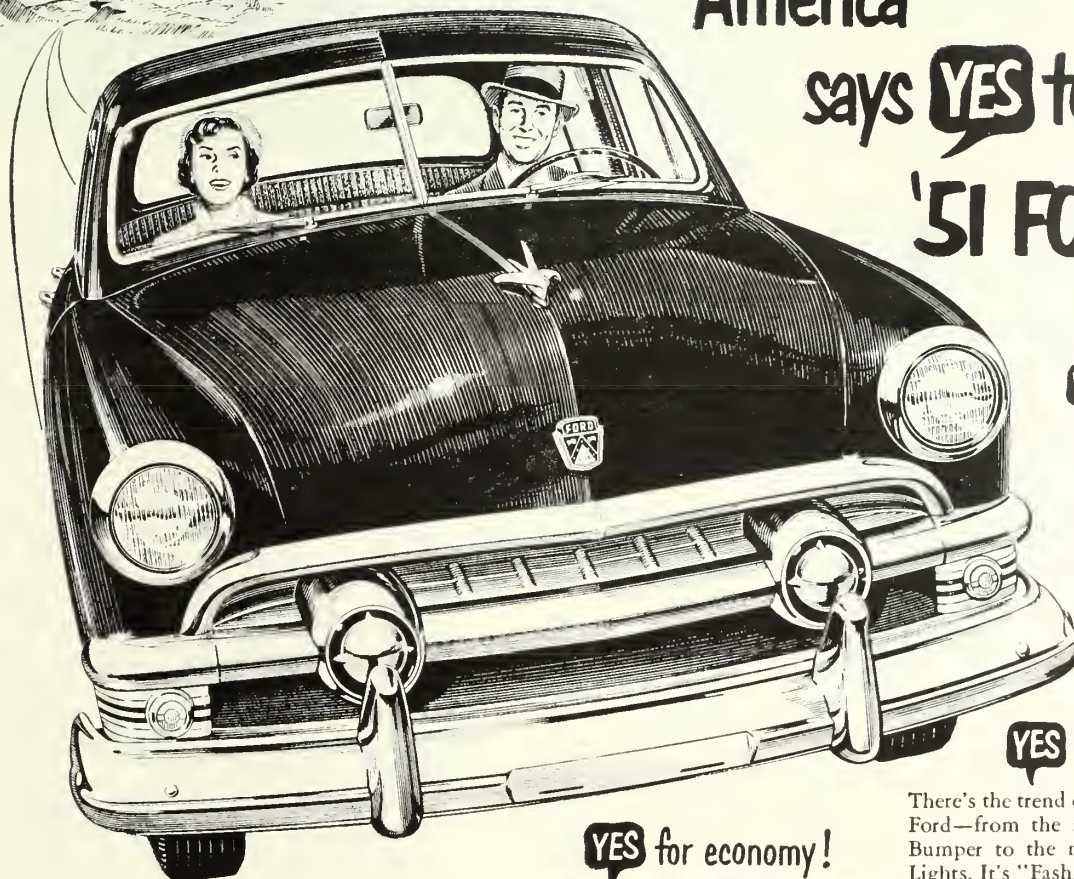
*The Largest-Selling Beer in America*

See Television's Biggest Hit:  
Schlitz presents  
**"The Pulitzer Prize Playhouse"**  
Stars of stage and screen direct from  
New York. Over ABC every Friday

Hear Radio's Brightest Comedy:  
**Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman**  
star for Schlitz as  
**"The Halls of Ivy"**  
every Wednesday over NBC

ALBERT  
DOHRNE





# America says **YES** to the '51 FORD

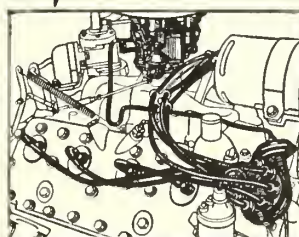
**YES**

IT'S BUILT FOR  
THE YEARS AHEAD!  
with 43 "Look Ahead"  
features and  
FORDOMATIC Drive\*

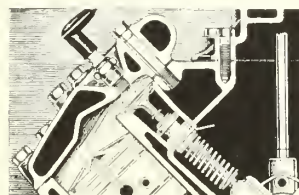
**YES** for styling!

There's the trend of the future in the '51 Ford—from the new Multi-Protection Bumper to the new "Tell-Tale" Rear Lights. It's "Fashion Car" styling that's "good" today and years from today!

**YES** for economy!



Dear to the thrifty heart is the Automatic Mileage Maker! It matches timing to fuel charges—not a drop of gas is wasted!



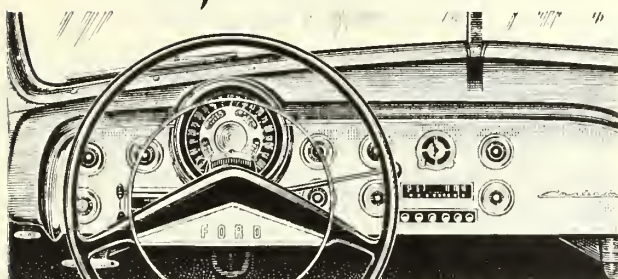
You get high-compression performance on regular gas! New Waterproof Ignition System prevents "shorts" due to moisture!

**YES** for comfort!

You can sit back and relax in the new Ford Luxury Lounge Interiors! Every mile is a smooth mile because of Ford's new Automatic Ride Control!



**YES** for performance!



Place the Semaphore Selector of Ford's new Fordomatic Drive at DR (drive), and your take-off is instant-quick and liquid-smooth! It's the newest, it's the most flexible automatic transmission in the industry!

The '51 Ford is designed and built not just for this year and next, but for the years ahead. Your Ford Dealer invites you to "Test Drive" it today. Get to know the 43 "Look Ahead" features—the many other Ford advantages—which make it the one fine car in the low-price field.

\*Optional at extra cost

# '51 FORD

You can pay more  
but you can't  
buy better



**YES** for safety!

Ford's all-steel body is a Luxury Life-guard Body! And the brakes are King-Size, double-sealed against the weather!



Vitalis  
"LIVE-ACTION" care  
gives you  
Handsome Hair!



**FEEL** the difference  
in your scalp—**SEE** the difference  
in your hair!

What a wonderful wake-up glow in your scalp—when you use "Live-Action" Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!"

**50 seconds'** massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates the scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair.

**Then 10 seconds** to comb . . . and your hair is neater, handsomer—set to stay that way all day! Natural looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil.

For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get Vitalis today. At any drug counter or at your barber shop.

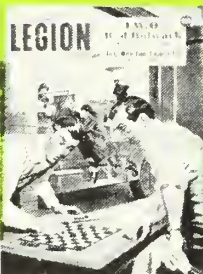
• Many skin specialists prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp.



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Bristol-Myers

\* **Vitalis**  
and the  
"60-Second Workout"

**NEW!** For Cream Tonic Fans . . .  
VITALIS Hair CREAM...lighter-bodied  
than ordinary cream oils! No heavy film,  
no sticky comb, no messy hands!



While "running" with a volunteer fire company to gather material for this month's cover, Wally Richards picked up some interesting firehouse lore. His favorite and ours is that George Washington was once a "vamp." He was a member of the Friendship Fire Company of Alexandria, Virginia. The cover itself needs no explanation, but Wally never did tell us who won the game.

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**LEGION**  
*Magazine*

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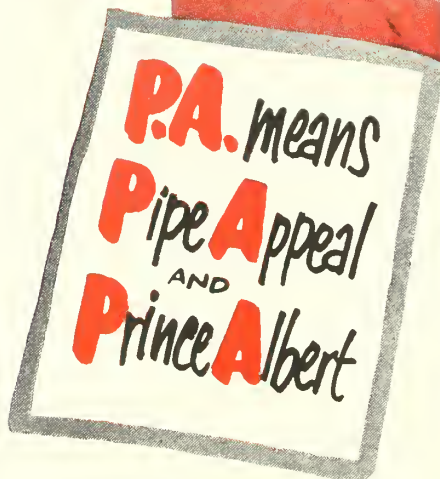
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.

**FOR SOUTHPAWS TOO.** A food mixer of new design, with a control so mounted on top it can be used by either left- or right-handed people, has been announced by Westinghouse. Called the Food Crafter, the mixer develops one-eighth horsepower. It comes with two clear Pyrex mixing bowls which rotate by action of the beaters on the bottom of the bowl. A newly designed clear plastic juicer with a pitcher-type bowl is available as an accessory, and this juicer will handle everything from a large grapefruit to a lemon. A good grinder, also available as an accessory, turns out a pound of meat a minute, and can also be used for vegetable puree or chopping vegetables for salads. The mixer retails for \$39.50. The juicer costs \$4.45, the food grinder \$7.50 and a power stand lists at \$9.75.



**DOWN IN FRONT!** On page 18 you will find an article telling all about television. All except how to be comfortable while watching a TV screen. That little matter can be taken care of, for the kiddies at least, by a new inflatable and portable children's television seat made of Vinylite and weighing only about one pound. Easily inflated orally or with a hand pump, it has a suction feature that grabs the floor or carpet when the child is seated. Inflated it is 16 inches in diameter and 11 inches deep. Made by Plastictronics, Inc., 54 Greene Street, New York City, it sells for \$2.50. A variety of colors is available.

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES.** It is reported that the Remington Arms Company plans to introduce a new autoloading shotgun in .410 and .28 gauges, together with a new autoloading and slide action deer rifle in assorted calibers. The new guns may be on the market sometime this year unless impending shortages interfere with their scheduled introduction.

**FOR WEATHERMEN.** A new professional-type anemometer called the Galeage has been put into production by Batson Electronics, 1031 S. 27th St., Omaha, Neb. The device measures wind velocities up to 75 mph with an accuracy that is said to vary no more than 2 percent. The rotor unit is mounted outside on a pole or convenient roof and the meter can be located inside the building, as far as 200 feet from the rotor. The rotor is made of corrosion-resistant material and moving parts require oiling only twice a year. The meter is housed in an attractive walnut case suitable for wall, desk or mantle. Price of the Galeage is \$29.50, FOB Omaha.



**PLASTIC HOOKS NEED NO NAILS OR SCREWS.** Colorful plastic hooks that are fastened to the wall by merely wetting a special adhesive on their back are being introduced by Selfix Products Co., 30 E. Adams St., Chicago 3. The new Selfix hooks, on being pressed into any desired position, are left alone for 24 hours, after which time they will permanently adhere to tile, plaster, glass, wood or metal. According to the manufacturer, they are guaranteed to hold 15 pounds of weight. Seven colors are available—red, green, blue, black, white, yellow and pink, and they retail at 2 for 25¢.



**HARDENS AWAY FROM AIR.** A material which remains liquid as long as a stream of air bubbles through it, but which hardens in a few minutes when away from air, has been developed by the General Electric Research Laboratory. Its properties are thus opposite to those of paint, which hardens when exposed to air. This new material, called "anaerobic permafil," is able to penetrate extremely small cracks before hardening. Thus, a possible application is a tight seal for stopping nearly-invisible leaks, or a "pipe dope" for sealing threaded unions. When two metal strips are coated lightly with it and clamped together the joint will support ten pounds after ten minutes. After 20 hours, it will hold 100 pounds. If still faster hardening is desired, the permafil may be heated, up to 212 degrees F, and solidification takes place in a minute or less. Thus far only limited laboratory quantities have been produced. It is not yet available commercially, though plans are being made to put it on the market at a later date.

**LAMPLIGHTER.** An accessory for a gasoline lantern or stove which insures quick lighting is being offered by the Swan-Russ Corporation, P.O. Box 2242L, Cleveland 9, Ohio. Called the Sparky lighter, it is mounted in a lantern as an integral part of it and provides a spark at the flick of a finger. It is, in effect, like the business end of a cigarette lighter, with a standard flint providing the spark. However, there is no danger of burnt fingers since it is not necessary for the hand to come near the flame, and once the lamp is lit the gadget pulls away from the damaging heat. According to the manufacturer, no special tools are required to mount it and it can be attached to any lantern in a few minutes. The invention of Purple Heart and Bronze Star holder Frank Kosmerl, of Cleveland, Sparky retails for \$1.25.



**ZIPPER STUCK?** For the man with a balky zipper, the Easy Zipper Company, P.O. Box 1205, Nashville, Tenn., after considerable research has come up with what they call Zipper-Eez, a lubricant which is designed to make the thing roll along as though on ball bearings. Greaseless, oilless and stainless, the product comes in a tube which costs 50¢ postpaid.



**TO SOOTHE THE FEVERED BROW.** You'll feel better than you look in a new eye pad mask designed to soothe eye strain and fatigue and being made by the Schaefer Berget Corporation, 16 East 52nd St., New York City 22. The Colette Eye Rest, as it is called, is made of soft Vinylite welded in the shape of a mask with small openings for the eyes and containing a sealed-in chemical solution. This solution will retain heat or cold for a half-hour or longer. A warm eye pad treatment can be had by immersing the mask in hot water for a few minutes, then slipping the mask on. A cold treatment can be prepared by placing the

mask in a refrigerator freezing compartment for a short time. Retailing at \$1.50 the eye rest will soon be on sale at most drug and department stores.

**FOR JUNIOR AUTRYS, HOPALONGS, ETC.** A new kind of hobby horse which is not just a toy but a body-builder has been placed on the market by the Marquette Wood Products Company, 3400 W. Marquette Road, Chicago 29. Called the Bronko, the horse is about 3 feet high and weighs 15 pounds, to accommodate youngsters of from 1 to 5 years. Its high tension rustproof springs provide a gentle rocking motion which, the manufacturer maintains, will "help stimulate circulation and build stronger bodies." Bronko comes with a bright blue saddle and permanent handles, has nothing to break or get out of order, and will hold up to 150 pounds. The price is \$19.95 prepaid.



**NEW CAR DEPT.** While this department does not feature new model automobiles, an exception will be made in the case of the "Atomobile" just announced by Radiation Counter Laboratories, 1844 West 21st St., Chicago 8. This is an enclosed truck fully equipped with equipment for detecting radioactivity in case of an atomic blast. Containing its own generator to provide electricity for detecting equipment, the truck is designed to move around the fringe of a blast to tell the extent of radioactivity, and also to check the water supply. The unit contains a radioactivity air monitoring instrument, a radioactivity water monitoring device, 12 portable radioactive survey meters, 12 sets of protective clothing and gas masks, 12 pairs of lead gloves, adequate fire extinguishers, self-contained alternating current generator to operate the instruments, 2-way radio, and radiochemical equipment for making assays of radioactivity. No price is quoted for the Atomobile.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items described here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine

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## From where I sit *by Joe Marsh*

### Friendship—Four Thousand Miles Apart

*Never quite got the hang of how to play chess myself, but I'll say this for the game—it started one of the strongest friendships I know of: between Dad Wilson in our town and a fellow in Sudbury, England.*

The two of them have never met or seen each other—but for eight or nine years they've been playing chess by mail together. Dad puzzles over the Englishman's latest letter, takes a couple of days to think it over, and then airmails a chart of *his* next move.

*Dad says he always thinks best with a mellow glass of beer beside his chessboard. And the fellow in England writes that he does the same. "Almost as if we were in the same room," says Dad contentedly.*

From where I sit, you can talk about diplomacy and foreign policy, but it's often little friendly things—like a game of chess or a glass of beer—that can make for understanding . . . between people of different nations, between folks here at home!

*Joe Marsh*



## The EDITORS' CORNER

### IN THIS ISSUE

In this issue Stuart Little (page 22) gives some tips on fixing up the outside of your house; Richard Armour (page 28) tells what he would do if he were a dentist and W. F. Miksch (page 20) reviews the problem of an innocent fisherman from the Pennsylvania hills who went to the big town to get himself some fancy fishing tackle. Angela Calomiris shows, in four pages of pictures beginning on page 24, how our Navy is training modern tars and Waves at Great Lakes, Illinois.

### YOUR INCOME TAX

J. K. Lasser has been hollering about alleged inequities in the income tax law for quite some time now.

On page 16 Mr. Lasser and his collaborator on the typewriter, Walter Ross, go over your tax problems in their article *Will You Pay More Than Your Share in Income Tax?*

About twelve million copies of all editions of Mr. Lasser's paper-covered books on income taxes have been sold to date.

They become best sellers about this time of year. Current editions include *Your Income Tax* (\$1.50) which covers income tax in general, and *Your Personal Income Tax* (50¢) which deals only with the tax problems of people whose income is from salaries and wages exclusively.

### SHALL WE LICK THE KETCHUP BOTTLE?

If anybody is still wondering how the big public-opinion polls missed the turn on the last presidential election, consider what happened regarding the ketchup bottle in a recent Gallup poll.

A cross-section of the nation was asked this question:

"What is your pet peeve . . . ?"

People reported hundreds of peeves, of course. Most of the peeves were the kind about which little can be done. They included such peeves as, "my husband," "my wife," "popcorn in theaters," "Congress," "radio programs," and "auto horns."

Now, according to Dr. Gallup's release, *one woman* was especially irritated by ketchup bottles. Dr. Gallup reports that this woman said: "When I go to shake the bottle, nothing comes at first; then it all squirts out."

One woman, our eye!

Lady when we read your courageous statement everyone in our house except the baby said, "Amen!"

The baby said, "Goo." That's what you get all over your lap the twelfth time you whack the bottom of the ketchup bottle.

We took a typical cross-section poll of our house and neighborhood, and we got 100% animosity for the ketchup bottle.

Our eldest son said: "Gosh Pop, the ketchup bottle is the biggest pain! What



do you suppose is behind it all, some technological problem or a Ketchup Bottle Lobby?"

"Dunno, son," we mused. "After all, this is the Twentieth Century. Our technology has split the atom. We have trains that carry passengers through Chicago, rubber Hallowe'en masks, rear windshield wipers, zippers, and Milton Berle in the living room. Certainly we should be able to make a better ketchup bottle."

"I hate the ketchup bottle," said our wife. She added, knowingly, "Dr. Gallup sure played the thing down as if the heat was on him. One woman! You notice he didn't dare ask 'em all direct if they liked ketchup bottles!"

"The ketchup bottle I detest," said Mr. Neighbor, whom we asked in for our poll. "I was in a fancy restaurant the other day and when I hollered for ketchup the waiter plunked it on the table in the same old narrow-necked ketchup bottle. There must be a lobby behind the darn thing. That restaurant wouldn't serve *anything* in the ordinary way if someone hadn't put the fear of perdition in 'em. The heel of my hand is still sore from pounding the bottle."

Our mailman was invited into the discussion. "I abhor the ketchup bottle," he said. "But I can't figure what lobby is behind it. It isn't going to help the ketchup makers and the bottle makers to keep discouraging ketchup eaters. Take you, Mr. Neighbor. You won't be having any more ketchup until your hand is back in shape again."

"I too hate the ketchup bottle," chimed in the milkman. "So does my wife. We never let our kids have any ketchup because if there's one rumpus we can't stand at meal times it is listening to the little ones fussing and crying and struggling with an obstinate bottle, then squirting ketchup all over the tablecloth in the end."

"I see what you mean," said Mr. Neighbor. "The ketchup people would sell more ketchup if the bottle were better."

There was a man in our living room demonstrating a vacuum cleaner. He said: "I am incensed at our antiquated type ketchup bottle which still persists in an era of progress. It would be interesting to know the figures on the amount of ketchup removed from tablecloths, napkins, sleeves, vests, neckties, rugs, trousers and skirts each year. My thought is that the Laundry and Dry Cleaning Lobby may have its finger in the ketchup bottle."

About that time the tramp who was chopping wood for a meal came in and sat down on the sofa. "Inertia," he said. "Just plain inertia. Put me down as opposed to the ketchup bottle, though it does not bother me personally. Whenever I bum a meal I always ask the lady of the house to put ketchup on my meat and let *her* tussle with the bottle. But mark my words, progress in ketchup bottle design has stagnated because you ketchup eaters have too much inertia. You all sit back and grouse among yourselves while the tabasco crowd and the chili lovers and the molasses clique and the Worcester-shire gang go out and get the kind of bottles they want."

And there the matter stands.

RBP



## *At the Nation's Call*

This country's telephone service is one of its greatest assets in time of emergency.

We have more telephones than all the rest of the world put together. They are connected with one another by a nationwide network, reaching into every corner of the land and speaking in unmistakable tones of the unity and purpose of the American people.

Every telephone is a weapon for our defense. These are not weapons yet to be built. They are here, forty-two million strong. Behind them is a force of telephone men and women equal in size to forty full strength divisions — thoroughly trained, well equipped and eager to do whatever task may be set for them.

America's telephones are busier than ever with the urgent, vital calls of production and defense. The products of America's might are rolling off the assembly lines and the telephone is helping to get the job done.

In everything that concerns the defense of our country, the Bell System can be counted on to do its full part . . . always.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**





# SWITCH TO MILD KENTUCKY CLUB



## TRY KENTUCKY CLUB FOR A WEEK

Switch to Kentucky Club today. Try it for a week—and notice how much better your pipe tastes—how much fresher your mouth feels. Choice white Burley is the secret. That's why Kentucky Club is so smooth and mild. That's why it's the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos. No, you don't have to pay fancy prices for Kentucky Club. Get a tin now.

Produced by the Makers  
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MAIL POUCH TOBACCO  
Wheeling, West Virginia



# SOUND OFF!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letters short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, 580 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.



## BOOKS AND FELLOW-TRAVELERS

I have read Irene Corbally Kuhn's article, *Why You Buy Books That Sell Communism*, on communist and fellow-traveler influence in the publishing field (January, 1951) with great interest and appreciation.

A case in point, which clearly emphasizes the basic contention of the Legion article is contained in the obituary notice of Jan Valtin appearing in *The New York Times* of January 3, 1951, on page 27. The *Times*' writer inserts this nice piece of innuendo into its column: "Valtin was the first of several former communists who were able to turn their disillusionment with communism into cash in the American book market."

This crack about a dead man is typical of the editorialism of the *Times*. Everyone who consistently reads its Sunday Magazine and Book Reviews should be fully aware of this.

Paul V. Gallagher  
Port Washington, N. Y.

I have just read the article by Irene Corbally Kuhn, *Why You Buy Books That Sell Communism*. Many of us had never looked at the situation from that angle.

Since the Legion is a powerful national organization let's make some effort to let the public know the critics that we endorse as solid Americans, and put these others on the shady list. We should be able to get the motion picture industry to help in educating the public by filming some of the books that the Commies have "blackballed."

Let's start a movement in all Posts to put the pressure on such stars as Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, John Wayne, Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, etc., to request that their studios star them in pictures from stories based on these books.

Cecil Kendall  
District Clerk  
Panola County, Tex.

## THOSE BASKETBALL GOONS

We must admit that the "tall man" in basketball is a problem.

I would suggest using a "height-class" system in basketball; one similar to the "weight-class" system used in boxing and wrestling. We would never think of matching a 200-pounder against a 150-pounder in a boxing bout; in basketball we watch the individual player pitted against an opponent who is up to twelve inches shorter or taller than he. How

about making 5'11" the dividing line? . . . As a recognition of Coach Allen's idea, the twelve-foot basket could be used for the taller height-class team.

Stanley Kunda  
Manhattan, Kans.

## SELLING VOTES

I see no reason to make apologies for the article by Zora Neale Hurston, *I Saw Negro Votes Peddled*. I found it most interesting. . . .

Having charge of the local P.T.A. program for November I used this article, in fact all of the program was made up from articles in the *American Legion Magazine*. I never saw a more attentive audience.

You have a wonderful magazine and maybe you don't realize how many of the ladies enjoy reading it.

Mrs. Edward Sloat  
Hatfield, Ark.

## FROM A SOLDIER IN KOREA

Thanks for what you people are trying to do for us guys (and gals) here in Korea. I know a lot of people will be thanking you even if the Bill (H.R. 9644) does not go through.

PFC Robert D. Mowrey-26337013  
24th Sig. Co., 24th Inf. Div.  
APO 24, % Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.

▼ The 81st Congress adjourned without acting on H.R. 9644, the omnibus bill giving men and women now in service all the benefits which veterans of the fighting which ended in 1945 receive under the GI Bill of Rights. The Legion is continuing the fight in the 82nd Congress for this must legislation for those who stand between us and disaster. We are confident of its success. Editors

## LET'S HANG TOGETHER

One of the best things a former GI can do, at the present time, is to join one of the service organizations. With many of our buddies already on Active Duty, and many more to be called soon, it behooves the rest of us to build up strong organizations of former servicemen. Let us remember the remark of that great American, Benjamin Franklin, "We must hang together, or we shall all hang separately."

Louis Eugene Tepp  
Butler-Johnson Post 520  
Elmsford, N. Y.





*There's only **One**  
favorite!*

Bait-casting or fly rod; spinning reel or deep sea fishing — every fisherman seeks his favorite game fish with the one rod and reel he prefers above all others. In beer, too, there's only one favorite... and to many, that favorite is Miller High Life — *National Champion of Quality!* Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company *only* — and *only* in Milwaukee, Wis.



**Miller's**

**HIGH LIFE**

*The Champagne of Bottle Beer*

**TUNE IN!** Lawrence Welk High Life Revue!  
ABC Network—Wednesday, 9:00 pm, C.S.T.

*Red Jensen*



# FIRST In SALES

## BEST In PERFORMANCE



**More  
Legionnaires  
Use Remington  
Electric Shavers  
Than Any Other  
Make\***

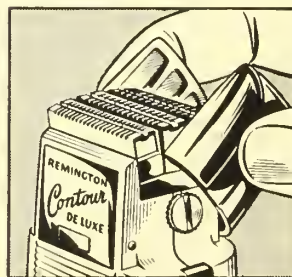
*It's Tops!*  
**FOR SERVICEMEN**

—the perfect gift for the man called or about to be called. With a Remington Contour, he will get fast, comfortable shaves wherever there's an electric outlet!

Here's why...The Remington shaves better! Every day, more and more Legionnaires are finding that no other shave can compare with a Remington Contour Shave—regardless of how tough the beard, or how tender the face.

In quality, performance, and styling, the Remington Contour leads the field. One shave will prove to you, as it has to Legionnaires everywhere, that the Contour is the world's finest shaving

instrument. Try a Remington Contour today—at your dealer's or any of our 112 Shaver Headquarters.



*The only electric shaver with an attached single-hinge hairpocket—swings back for a quicker, easier cleaning.*

\*Based on a recent survey by The American Legion Magazine

A PRODUCT OF **Remington Rand**





SIGHTING the feather on top of her ridiculous hat, Scotty wallowed over the drift and jumped toward her.

# SNOW MAN

If the stakes are high most men will stoop to anything. And enough suckers were tied up in this deal to make violence a good investment.

By DAVID LAVENDER

**W**EAR Y FROM STORMING, the clouds sagged flat and gray over the gigantic peaks of the San Juan Mountains, in southwestern Colorado. But the weather was not finished yet, Scotty figured. A growing brittleness tautened the air. Where the board sidewalks of the little town of Ouray had been shoveled clear for passers-by, the frozen wood cracked like a pistol shot under his feet.





JOE HAD ALREADY floundered down the long, twisted trail. Scotty could just make out the black dot of his figure in the distance.

(continued)

## SNOW MAN

Not many passers-by were out, although it was already eight o'clock in the morning. When Scotty turned into Hy Jarman's store—GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND MINERS' SUPPLIES—Hy was standing with his back to the round stove, lonesome as a skunk at a hoe-down.

"Well, look who's here!" he cackled, button-eyed and eager for the sound of a voice. "How's things up at the burro farm?"

"Lots of the beautiful," Scotty said and kicked the ice off his boots against the door jamb.

Hy chuckled. It was a standard joke. In the silver mining camps of the Rockies, during the early 80's, no one spoke of snow. It was always "the

beautiful," and the young men of the young new towns made mockery of it when the scudding flakes whispered at the windowpanes and all the things they worked for lay smothered under drifts nose-deep to a tall giraffe. But none of them left. The silver promise of the peaks shone too bright.

"The avalanches will be running," Hy said with a kind of grisly relish, "every which way, like blind dogs in a meat house."

"You're snug," Scotty chided and looked around the littered room. By now, he reflected, the winter slump might have softened Hy to the point where he would sell a half interest at a reasonable price. Scotty opened his mouth, then shut it, his mind hor-

rified by a picture of himself behind the counter in an apron and black sleeve protectors, weighing nails and cutting off hunks of fuse. Him, the best packer and snow man in the San Juan! *I'll get me a Ute squaw instead*, he thought dismally. *They don't care where they live.*

But he was a gone goose and he knew it. With his gloved hand he rubbed a clear space in the steamy door glass and peered outside. Directly across the street Louise Morrison's new millinery shop stood defiantly

between Harry Shumway's Pastime Saloon and Harry Shumway's Nugget Variety Theater. The dirt-stained drifts which had been shoveled off the sidewalks were so high that Scotty could see only the upper part of the shop's single window, its panes opaque with frost. Just the same, he knew how the feathered hats inside perched on their stands, high-headed like Louise, challenging this street which had so little place for the things they represented.

Scowling, he enlarged his peep hole. There was no sign of life over yonder. If Louise was sick—worse, if she had been out late...

With feigned indifference he asked Hy, "How was the dance last night?"

Hy blinked. "There wasn't no dance."

"Nor any toboggan parties on Vinegar Hill?"


"Too much beautiful. Folks stayed in. A hell of a country, ain't it?"

He joined Scotty and rubbed an-

THEY PULLED their chairs to the stove while Gus chattered.







other eye-hole. Together they looked at the street like a pair of dyspeptic owls. No parties, Seottly thought. A twosome then, snug and warm while the storm whooped outside. Well, it was his own fault. Sparking a girl at the mule-skinner's ball or at the box socials was all very well for a starter. But the time came when a woman had a right to know a man's intentions. Hadn't Molly Totten warned him more than a month ago?

He grimaced with recollection. Molly Totten. Ever since Louise's brother, fresh from New Jersey and green as grass, had blown himself up in a prospect hole. Molly had functioned as the girl's self-appointed guardian. She could guard, too. She had arms like a blacksmith's and a voice, over her laundry tubs, which carried clear down to the lixiviation works. Mostly she was genial Irish. But there were occasions when she took a nip too many in the back room of Harry Shumway's Pastime Saloon, where her husband Joe worked as a kind of glorified handyman, and then Molly grew notional. It was on one such afternoon that she had trapped Seottly by the ore scales at the warehouse and had nearly shaken him from his saddle with the rolling organ of her scorn. What, she wanted to know, was his purpose in spending so many evenings in town, and, if so, did he expect a lady like

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

Louise Morrison to set up housekeeping in a one-room shack on a God-forsaken mesa, with only jackasses for company? Seottly still trembled every time he remembered that interview.

Hy's voice brought him back. "Wonder what's happened to Joe Totten this morning? He ain't out shoveling the walks in front of Shumway's places. Funny, Harry ain't out hollerin' for him like a bull."

Seottly grinned to himself. Shumway was hollering all right, louder than Hy realized, because in the snow-tangled darkness before dawn Joe Totten had slipped away from Ouray to jump a silver claim on Red Mountain which Shumway intended to jump for himself. It was an incredible thing. Joe was the ease-lovingest man in Ouray. Molly must have been loaded high and firing both barrels to have blasted him out on so foolhardy a venture. With a million tons of new snow hanging over his head in the gorge, there wasn't one chance in ten that he could reach Red Mountain.

That one chance, however, had been enough to make Shumway harness a cutter, rout (Continued on page 40)





**I.W.O.-**

# *Red Bulwark*



**HEAD** of the I.W.O. is Rockwell Kent consistent left-wing artist.



**HIGH** in I.W.O. councils is John E. Middleton, also politically active.

The inside story of an outfit that works hand in glove with the communist party and which now faces a crackdown that is long overdue.

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

**I**N MID-DECEMBER, the State of New York took steps in the courts to dissolve the International Workers Order, Inc., an alleged national insurance agency. The charge was that this "order" was red-rulled. To most Americans, when they read about it in the newspapers, this news seemed to be of small consequence. They did not even know what sort of an organization was involved. To them, the initials "I.W.O.," so popular in communist circles, might even indicate a distortion of "O.W.I.," the old Office of War Information.

The International Workers Order, on the surface, is a very innocuous institution. That is why Ameri-

WHERE the organization carries on its affairs in New York City.



**HEADQUARTERS** at 80 Fifth Ave., is a beehive of red activity.



**POWERFUL** Lodge 500 meets upstairs at 77 Fifth Avenue.



**AT 8 E. 116th ST.** this lodge caters to the Harlem trade.



**ALSO** in Harlem is the lodge at 306 Lenox Ave.

**ELECTIONEERING** is an odd job for an "insurance company" but it's all in the day's work at a Harlem I.W.O. lodge.







AT THE GARIBALDI SOCIETY LODGE, I.W.O., on Second Ave., New York City, the boys worked like beavers to get

out the vote for that now-defeated Stalin stooge, Marcantonio. The I.W.O. is just a "beneficial-fraternal" outfit, they say.

cans on the whole know so little about it. Holding itself out to be a fraternal insurance organization, the I.W.O. does provide medical aid through a corps of doctors for its membership. Sick and death benefits are also included in its program. But this function as an "insurance" agency, which makes its national headquarters in mid-Manhattan hum with the comings and goings of physicians and clients, is a convenient cover-up for red subversion.

More than five years ago, when I was still in the red leadership, it was decided that the communist party should train certain people among the reds and then certain front groups as reserves. These were to function out in the open if the chief organ of the Soviet fifth column, the party itself, were ever compelled to go completely underground. If there is any first reserve among these subversive agencies, the I.W.O. is "it." Indeed, in all red planning, it got first consideration in this regard.

In any plan to safeguard American national security, therefore, a thorough knowledge of what goes on in the office building at 80 Fifth

Avenue which houses the I.W.O. is high on the list. Very shortly the American people will find no alternative but to decide on the outlawing of this organization as one of the main links in the red conspiracy.

The reason for this will become obvious in all the nineteen states in which the I.W.O. operates when the functioning of that "fraternal benefit" society is understood. Its assets of a little over \$6,000,000 are small for any accredited insurance organization, and immediately give some indication that benefit-giving is not the main feature of this institution. Practically every Stalinist agent of espionage has had a crack at moulding the I.W.O. Not the least of these was harsh-faced, gray haired Dora Lipshitz, lately under arrest at Ellis Island for deportation. Operating in America in red secret work for many years, "Comrade Dora" has had such contempt for this country as never to become a citizen. Not one out of every ten members of the communist party itself would be exactly clear as to who she was. From her half-hidden existence in the red underground, she was nevertheless a powerful member of the Control Commission of the communist party, and as part of her assignment had the International Work-

ers Order under her wing.

With this mention of the iron rule of "Comrade Dora" in the Order, the list of Stalin's agents operating in its ranks has only begun. In national committee meetings of the communist party, and in many Politburo meetings which I attended, these red foreign representatives were present to report on what they were doing under cover of the I.W.O.

The I.W.O. (Continued on page 52)



THERE AREN'T many pictures of alien William Weiner, and this was copied from the Daily Worker. Weiner dislikes publicity, possibly because he doesn't belong in this country. He used to head the I.W.O. till, as a jailbird, he resigned. But this I.W.O. ad in the Daily Worker showed the reds still love him.



THE POLONIA SOCIETY, Polish section of the I.W.O., was led by Stalinist agent Bolestaw Gebert, an underground red, active in infiltrating our steel and auto industries.

WILLIAM WEINER SOLIDARITY MEMBERSHIP

## Join the I. W. O.

TOMORROW-FRIDAY

At the Following Meetings

At 9:00 P.M.

<b>MIDTOWN</b>	LODGE 642 - Manhattan, 100 E. 10th St.
<b>BROOKLYN</b>	LODGE 114 - 11th Ave., 100 E. 10th St.
<b>WEST BROOKLYN</b>	LODGE 114 - 11th Ave., 100 E. 10th St.
<b>QUEENS</b>	LODGE 114 - 11th Ave., 100 E. 10th St.
<b>YONKERS</b>	LODGE 114 - 11th Ave., 100 E. 10th St.

MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS AT THESE MEETINGS ONLY

50c



# Will you pay more than your INCOME TAXES ?

The tax law itself is scarcely fair, say these experts. Then, too, you can soak yourself more than your share by not knowing or using all the breaks available to you.

By J. K. LASSER AND WALTER ROSS

AS MARCH 15 APPROACHES, CHECK YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF TAX LAW BY ANSWERING THE



**TWO MEN** see a baseball game. One can deduct the price of his ticket from his taxable income. The other cannot. Why?



**THIS GUY** is in combat. Does he have to pay an income tax on his Army pay? Must he file a tax report every March?



**TWO FELLOWS** ride a train in connection with making their living. One deducts his train fare, one does not. Why?

**I**NCOME TAXES have increased tremendously in this country in the last eleven years—and the man who has borne a heavy share of the burden of the increase is the taxpayer in the low and middle income brackets. From 1939 to 1945, the tax of a man making \$5,000 a year actually rose 689 percent. And taxes are going up again.

This is a shocking and frightening thing, especially since large taxes (without wage stabilization) taken out of middle incomes are apt to have an inflationary effect on everything we buy. And the situation is complicated further by inequities in the tax law that make the \$5,000-a-year wage

earner the butt of some very unpleasant and unfair practices.

Before we get into the bad things, however, let us take a look at some breaks the new tax law gives to two groups of taxpayers: the veterans, and present members of our armed forces.

If you are an enlisted man or a commissioned warrant officer, you are not taxed on any pay you get for time spent in a combat zone. Even if you serve in the combat zone (combat zones are designated by the President) for only a single day in a month, the entire month's pay is tax-exempt.

This is admittedly earning a tax exemption the hard way, but it is none-

theless a benefit which is given solely to members of the armed forces. Commissioned officers get the same break on the first \$200 of each month's military pay earned in a combat zone.

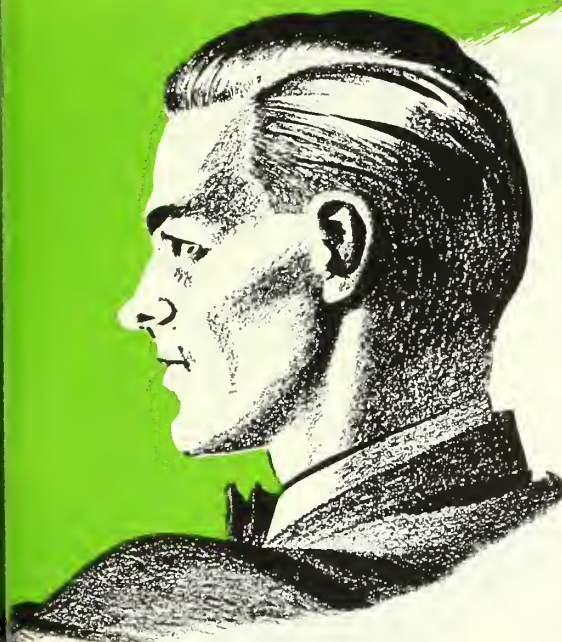
For all ranks there will be no more withholding tax on any pay earned in combat zones.

Other breaks given servicemen, ex-servicemen and their families are:

Family allotments are not taxable; Dividends on G.I. insurance are not taxed; Armed-service members can apply for extensions on paying income tax until six months after service ends.



# share in



ILLUSTRATED  
BY MATT GREENE

in our tax law give one man an even greater advantage over another man. And, more than ever, it becomes necessary to do something about them. Agreeing on the principle that we all have to pay more taxes, and being 100 percent unified on the purpose for which the money is being spent, still, as Americans, we reserve the right to protest when the law that raises the money is unfair.

The tax law was written by Americans to extract money equitably from Americans. When it fails in its purpose, it is high time not only to protest but to get a new law.

One of the things that ought to be changed is the forms themselves. When a man is supposed not only to keep tabs on what he owes and to pay it in hard cash, but has to go through a set of mathematical computations that would baffle the average atomic scientist in order to do it, then it is time to call a halt and to simplify the tax returns. It can be done. It has been done for some of us. Let's get it done for all of us.

One of the most unfair aspects of the tax law is the different treatment received by a business and by an individual. For instance, when a midwestern corporation decided to train its

expense accounts of some of our Washington five-percenters. The parties thrown by them for all sorts of people, including some who work for the Government, may be counted as legitimate business expense items and deducted as tax-free from their income. And restaurateur Toots Shor is allowed to deduct the cost of his baseball tickets from his income tax as a business expense.

An employee who decided to entertain his boss in lavish style, in the hopes of getting a raise or a better job, would not be allowed to deduct the cost from his income. And whereas a businessman can travel taxfree around the world, if necessary, to get an order for his factory (and take his wife with him as "secretary," if he wishes), the man who has to commute to work because he can't find a home near enough to his job, is not allowed to deduct this necessary travel expense from his income.

And here's another example of the illogic of our tax law: A large company recently decided to move from New England to New York City. Now it is very expensive to move a business, especially since important records must be kept in order so that the operation can start functioning the

QUESTIONS UNDER THESE PICTURES. THE ANSWERS ARE CONTAINED IN THIS ARTICLE.



**AFRAID** the government may claim he made a mistake in a former tax return, this fellow keeps records forever. Must he?



**THESE TWO** moving operations were caused by a business moving. One moving-cost is tax-deductible, the other is not. Why?



**THIS HUSBAND** made \$4,000. His wife earned \$0. Should they file jointly, paying twice the tax due on half his taxable income? Why?

There are other important details to know about income taxes paid by former members of the armed forces. If you are receiving retirement pay for disability, you may get a break by electing to have that pay recomputed under the new Career Compensation Act. Your Collector of Internal Revenue can supply details. But for the great mass of those out of service, even these small advantages are missing.

The tax law contains a number of practices which are, to say the least, illogical. At worst, they can be called downright unfair and unjust.

As Government gets more expensive, and taxes go up, these inequities

salesmen in a special school, the total expense of the course to the firm was allowable as an income deduction. But when the salesmen who attended the course were inspired to do some studying on their own, and subscribed to correspondence courses to further their progress in their company, they were not allowed to deduct the expense from their taxable income.

It is a known fact that there are business people who pay for their homes, servants, liquor, speedboats, baseball tickets, automobiles and just about everything else on expense accounts that are eliminated from taxed income. You remember the fabulous

minute the stuff is set down in the new location. All of this tremendous expense—thousands of dollars—was considered part of the company's normal overhead, and was tax-deductible.

The company also paid for the moving expenses of some of its top brass. But there were hundreds of other employees affected by the move. If they wanted to keep their jobs, they had to sell their homes—either at a profit, which was taxed, or at a loss, which was not deductible. Then they had to buy new homes on today's inflated market. On top of this they had to pay for moving their furniture several hundred (Continued on page 46)



# The ABC's of TV

**This article won't make you an electronics expert but it will help you understand television and aid you in picking out a television receiver.**

**By T. R. KENNEDY, JR.**

**A** LITTLE MORE than thirty years ago television's future was beclouded by what appeared to be insuperable mechanical and electrical problems. Its images were small, coarse-grained and so dim they had to be viewed in a dark room. Not many people had a chance to see even these imperfect pictures, however, since television was largely a laboratory curiosity.

But in 1923 something happened that vastly changed its future. Vladimir Zworykin, of this country, then a little-known scientist, invented a way to make millions of microscopic metallic oxide-coated beads adhere to a thin sheet of mica. This sheet he mounted in a pan-shaped glass receptacle with a long glass handle. In the handle's end he placed a filament like that of an ordinary radio tube. Heated, the filament sprayed a stream of electrons over the beads. By controlled sweeping of this beam, Zworykin devised what is known today as "electronic scanning," so that a scene focused on the beads—which actually were small photoelectric cells—could be changed into an electrical image of the scene.

This device, which he called an "iconoscope," gave him a means of picking up a picture, but then Zworykin had to develop a means of changing the electrical image back into a picture in a receiving set. Eventually he solved this problem too, calling the receiving unit a "kinescope" because it transmits the visual moving scene to the eye.



## HOW IT WORKS

Train the lens of a television camera on a scene and we touch off a sequence of events that rivals the magic of Aladdin. When light strikes the microscopic beads or "mosaic" inside the TV camera, it leaves an electrical imprint corresponding almost exactly to the varying degrees of light and darkness in the scene.

Indeed, if a film were substituted for the mosaic the action of the video pickup unit up to this point would be exactly like a photographic camera.

But there the similarity ends. The electron beam's function is to move back and forth across the mosaic many thousands of times a second and "wipe off" the charges in thin horizontal

stripes—left to right and top to bottom—as one reads a newspaper story. The resultant continuous procession of charges gathered up by the beam truly represents the whole scene. After amplification, this passes through the transmitter and emerges in the air as a video wave.

After one complete scan—first odd then even horizontal lines—the beam does it all over again, endlessly, thirty complete times a second.

Briefly, the iconoscope's beam acts somewhat like a slate-wiper, continually cleaning off old charges to make way for new ones as the scene changes before the camera's eye.

An integral part of the video transmitter's equipment, of course, is a



microphone, so sound may become part of the wave sent into space.

#### AT THE RECEIVER

When a television wave passes a home video aerial a series of electrical charges, exactly like those created by the sending station, pass down the lead-in wire and enter the set. After great amplification they reach the cathode-ray tube (offspring of the Zworykin kinescope) and in exact step with the video transmitter are changed back into light values and reassembled on the viewing screen.

The picture on the screen is actually highly discontinuous, since it is composed of bits of light and dark portions in strips—525 from top to bottom of the screen—but the human eye's persistence of vision makes the view look like a complete and continuous moving picture.

Inside the cathode-ray tube may be seen a whitish substance. This is known as a "phosphor" which is energized by electrons from the "gun" in the tube's base and glows more or less brightly in accordance with the incoming wave. The phosphor also re-

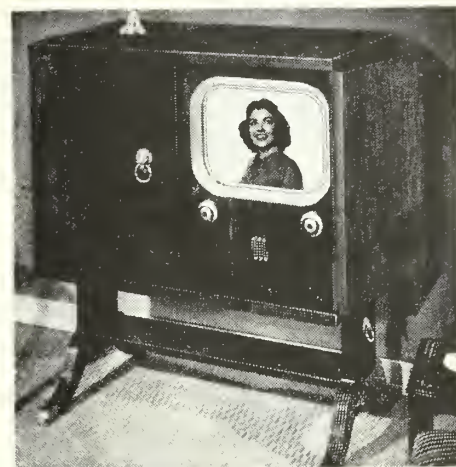
tains part of one complete image until the next one is completed. This further aids the eye and a smoothly moving picture results. Part of the incoming wave in the set is diverted to the loud-speaker circuit, and thus sound and scene move along together.

#### WHEN BUYING A SET

Before you sign up for a new set, be sure you live where there are stations that can provide adequate reception. Also, check to see whether you have AC or DC current, for obvious reasons. Talk (Continued on page 48)



A complete home entertainment unit for \$549.95 is this Zenith console with a 17-inch tube, FM-AM radio and phonograph.



THIS HANDSOME radio-phonograph-TV combination by Motorola is priced at \$469.95.



THIS RCA VICTOR has a 16-inch tube and lists at \$419.50, including excise tax.

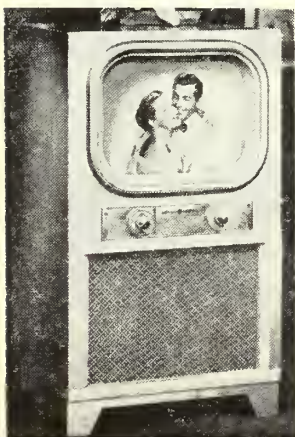


CROSEY features a "wide vision" 19-inch tube in this console at \$479.95, with tax.



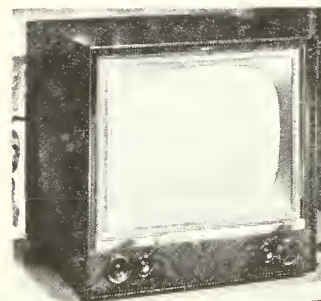
A POPULAR Admiral set is this 19-inch tube model at \$495.

THIS General Electric set has a 16-inch black tube.



THIS WESTINGHOUSE set has single-dial control and a 20-inch tube. The price is \$475.

THIS Dumont has a 17-inch tube and sells for \$419.95.



PHILCO's table model, the 2102-M, has a 20-inch tube and is \$399.95 plus tax.



# How They Caught the Schnook

In hooks the size eights was all and even though the sevens was yet, our hero decided to take his business to New York.

By W. F. MIKSCH

**S**UDDENLY I KNEW I had outgrown the fishing tackle department of Shimmelbacher's Sporting and Dry Goods Store—a department that consisted of a brace of cheap single-action reels, a shoebox lid full of lead sinkers, and several dusty spools of cuttyhunk line spread out on an up-ended pickle barrel, not to mention the half dozen two-dollar bait rods poking



THE ODD PENNIES I tossed away to show the clerk how lightly I regarded worldly goods.





AMONG OTHER THINGS I bought a landing net, some fly repellent and an amazing knife.

out of an old umbrella stand in the corner.

This was the kind of junk I'd been trying to catch fish with! No wonder Old Mulenose kept growing bigger with each passing trout season. Old Mulenose was the craftiest, bait-tossingest, line-snappingest, tip-bustingest old rainbow that ever wet a fin in Kunkle's Dam. Every angler around Schnecksville had tried to land him, but since we all dealt at Shimmelmacher's, Old Mulenose had survived.

Mr. Shimmelmacher straightened up and sadly scratched his cereal-bowl haircut. For the last ten minutes, he had been pawing — with typical Pennsylvania Dutch stubbornness — through an ancient spool cabinet that the J. & P. Coats Thread people had placed in his store somewhere around the turn of the century, and which he now used for fishhooks. Obviously he hadn't found the number eight hooks I had asked for.

"Looks like we ain't got any," Shimmelmacher said. "The size eights is all, but the sevens is yet. Maybe you could use once some sevens?"

"Mr. Shimmelmacher," I began coolly, "if I'm ever going to catch any decent fish, I'm afraid I'll have to take my tackle business elsewhere."

"From Sears Roebuck maybe?" Shimmelmacher slyly inquired, knowing how I shy from mail order catalogs because I can't figure out parcel post

rates. But I had the answer for him.

"No," I replied grandly. "Tomorrow I am going to New York."

"Clean to New York over!" Shimmelmacher was astounded.

"Yes, indeed. To visit what is known as 'The Sportiest Sporting Goods Store in the World'." Its name is Wilburfiggen & Snitch, and from what I've heard, it has all the atmosphere of a social club where sportsmen meet to look and buy, but where they stay to chat. What do you think of that?"

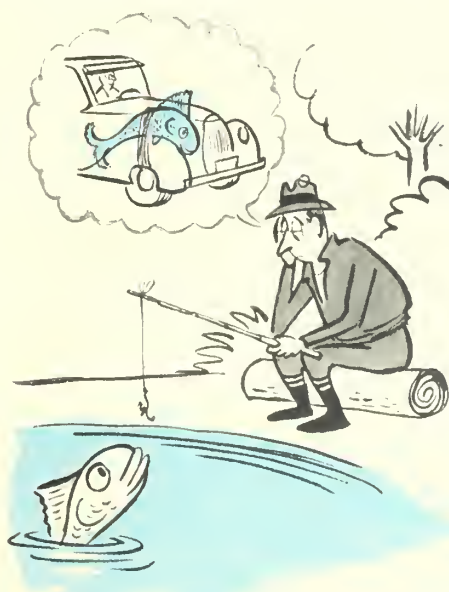
"I think you can't afford it," Shimmelmacher said.

"Oh, yeah," I said. "Well, it so happens I set aside my Christmas Club for just such a purpose. I'm going over there to Wilburfiggen's and blow in maybe half or even the whole fifty bucks on the finest collection of tackle money can buy. Then I'll come back and take Old Mulenose!"

Next morning — thanks to a kindly conductor who dissuaded me from leaving the train at Newark by mistake — strollers along a certain fashionable avenue in mid-Manhattan were treated to the sight of a dashing young sportsman wearing a felt hat on which were pinned a Pennsylvania fishing license button and a swarm of Royal Coachman trout flies turn in at the impressive glass-and-granite façade of Wilburfiggen & Snitch. Both of this arresting figure's sweaty little paws were jammed into the pockets of an Eisenhower jacket; his right fist

clutching his Christmas Club savings, and his left, a return train ticket. I had arrived.

As the door swung shut behind me, deadening the traffic noise of the avenue, I was engulfed in a silence so profound that I decided that if this was where sportsmen came to chat, they must be doing it in sign language. I had the feeling I had come late to church and (Continued on page 61)



OLD MULENOSE was the craftiest, bait-tossingest old rainbow that ever wet a fin.

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM COBEAU



SOME HOME OWNERS let their houses stand nakedly in a baldish lawn. Others dress 'em up.



ILLUSTRATED BY  
RAY QUIGLEY

# How to be an Exterior Decorator

A few people have "green thumbs" and an inborn knowledge about growing things. Others had better read this article.

By STUART LITTLE

**T**HE SEVEN-ROOM mortgage over whose threshold I proudly ushered my family some years back was all that a veteran's heart could desire within the financial limitations common to most ex-servicemen—and with the exception of the grounds which surrounded it.

The format is most painfully familiar to those who have become home owners in "new" developments—a bright and shining home standing in

a baldish lawn while trying to hide its nakedness behind two tiny yews planted on either side of the door as the contractor's thrifty obeisance to outdoor estheticism. The conditions of inadequate shrubbery and the be-draggled greensward often exist but usually in lesser degree around "old" houses.

Thus most of the novice owners of homes, old or new, face the same landscape problems, many of them with as

little gardening know-how as was mine.

Starting about the time the crocuses stuck their little green noodles out of the frost-bitten earth during the first spring in our home, you might have thought I was bucking for corporal the way I worked every free daylight hour. I seeded, limed, fertilized, mowed and watered the lawn within an inch of its life (closer than that, it turned out); I ran the horticultural and fiscal gamut on shrubbery, setting the plants shoulder to

Have your soil tested.





shoulder clear around the house. The net result six months later: a still threadbare lawn and a lot of dead and dying shrubbery except for a few survivors perversely flourishing under windows, promising to shut off the view from the first floor within a year.

If I had continued growing horny-handed and bankrupt learning gardening the hard trial-and-error way, I might eventually have come up with some of the answers. As it worked out, the luck which is not usually mine finally dealt me an ace-high flush. I made friends with the eastern manager for America's oldest and most famous seedsmen—a man who has been a recognized authority in the landscape and lawn fields for more than a quarter-century.

Thanks to his generously donated advice, I have now a lawn almost as richly thick and green as one of those incredible kodachromes featured by upper-bracket garden magazines; the shrubbery is coming along nicely and wasted man-hours have been reduced to a point where some weekends I actually have time to sit and watch things flourish. It's a cinch if you know how. That is the reason for this article on what to do—and when—to grow the suitable setting you want for your house.

Let's look first at the lawn . . .

Basically all lawns are comprised of millions of perennial grass plants—400 to 500 per square foot in healthy turf. Each of these is a living organism requiring food, water and protection from such enemies as weeds. Once it takes root, grass is immobilized. It is unable to avoid the broad dandelion leaves that smother it or the chinch

Rake well before seeding.

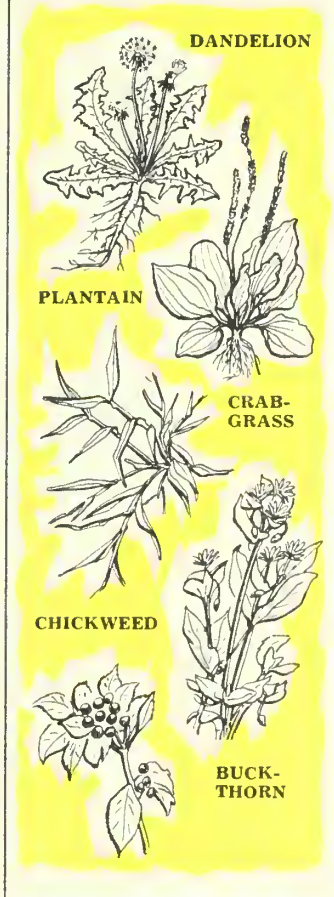


This spreader is a must.



bug that munches its roots. It cannot range in search of food. It must depend on the lawn-owner—in this case, you—to fight its foes, provide food and augment the water supply when nature plays hookey. Where the requirements of nutrition have been fulfilled, the nap is lush and elastic; when these necessities have been ignored, scragginess is as obvious as a knee through tattered trousers.

Here are the enemies you will have to defeat to get a lovely garden.



Here's a simple schedule to bring your established (but run-down) lawn to perfection:

1. Fertilizing. Before feeding or liming it, it is logical to learn what the soil requires. Send samples of your soil from several locations in your yard to a recognized private laboratory or a state agricultural college. These samples should be about four inches square

Weed-killing with chemicals



and five to six inches deep and each should be wrapped in waxed paper. The tests will indicate soil deficiencies or excesses and the report of the laboratory will indicate what applications should be made. Costs for these tests run ordinarily to about 50 cents per sample and are well worth the investment. In my own case I learned that I had used more than \$10 worth of agricultural lime needlessly—my soil was not acid!

Lawns should be fertilized on a regular schedule to stimulate vigorous root growth essential to plant health. The primary reason for these replenishments is the growth of the grass itself. In the course of the season each blade of the millions in the lawn is mowed approximately 20 times at a rate of about 1½ inches to each mowing. This totals 30 inches of growth, all of it using up the supply of nutrition in the soil.

Use a recognized brand of chemical-organic lawn food containing the three vital ingredients, nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium, and apply at rates indicated by the manufacturer. For even distribution, nothing can beat the mechanical two-wheeled spreader on which the rate of flow can be regulated to a nicety. This piece of garden equipment can be used to weed, feed, fertilize and seed and is well within reach of everyone's pocketbook. These can be bought for as little as \$5.95 and the small size is capable of doing the work on medium-size lawns. Feeding with a top-rate fertilizer costs approximately \$2.50 per treatment per 2,500 square feet.

Three feedings annually are recognized as essential. These feedings should be made in April or May, in June and during the period from late August to November. The spring treatment revives the grass after the winter months; the June feeding strengthens it to withstand the heat and drought of July and August, while the final application nourishes it through the cold months from November to April.

(Continued on page 51)

Fine spray for seeded areas.



Mow counter-clockwise.





# The MEN who will MAN OUR FLEET

How the Navy gives  
basic training to its Bluejackets  
at Great Lakes, Illinois.



**RECRUITS** John T. Adkins of Eufaula, Ala., foreground, Joseph D. Waldrop, left, of Oakland, Fla., and David Ball, right, of Iola, Kan., practice visual signalling before a yard-arm mock-up.



ALMOST EVERY HOUR of the day the interurban trains from Chicago discharge at Great Lakes Naval Training Station enlistees who are about to embark on their eleven-week period of recruit training. As the Navy says, they "come aboard."

The change from civilian life to Navy life is abrupt and it is understandable that the boys are a bit bewildered as they go through the first few days taking medical examinations, getting Navy clothing, learning new ways of living, meeting new companions and otherwise getting used to the tempo of sailor life.

In a few days the future man-of-

wars-man makes some friends, becomes interested in the training and discovers he's in a company that is competing with other companies for points. He learns too that a lot depends on him and that he's a member of a team. He responds to the challenge.

One of the interesting and valuable ideas which contributes to the high esprit de corps of the Recruit Command is the flag competition in which the many companies compete.

Companies compete for such flags as the A-flag, (athletics) the C-flag, (citizenship) the I-flag, (indoctrination) and the Star Flag for barracks upkeep and personal cleanliness. The regimental drill flag goes to the com-

pany making the most points in military drill.

Extra liberty is given for winning four or more of these flags.

Each week in each regiment the company amassing the most flags gets, in addition, the special Rooster flag, which shows a red rooster on a white field. If a company wins the Rooster flag five times during the eleven-week period it achieves the Hall of Fame and its name is inscribed on a plaque in regimental headquarters. Only eight Hall of Fame awards were made in 1950.

All companies march from class to class and to meals in formation and they are proud to display whatever



**THE SIGN** tells the story. They'll be in uniform same time tomorrow. These boys were enlistees from Baltimore, Cincinnati, Detroit, Washington.



**THE NAVY** believes that cleanliness is next to godliness so the sailors make frequently with the heavy brush, the squeegee, the mop and soapy water. Companies gain points and win flags for personal and barracks cleanliness.





**SEAMAN** Recruit Theodore Harding of Chicago, Ill., stands seabag inspection by Lt. J. D. Warrior of Kansas City, Mo. Quartermaster 1st Cl. Albert E. Gallo of Enld, Ill., Company Commander, looks on.



**FIRE FIGHTING** training. An oil tank has caught on fire blowing its head off. The recruits are about to attack it with three high-velocity hoses. It takes nerve to approach a raging inferno like this, from the leeward side. They'll have it out in a matter of minutes.



**CHIEF QUARTERMASTER** Frank Data of Chicago, Ill., instructor in steering and sounding, lectures on the sound-powered telephones. Note model of steering wheel.



**CHIEF QUARTERMASTER** George Besnah of North Chicago instructs Recruits W. D. Williams of Panama City, Fla., and J. L. Crother of Jamestown, Ohio on the multi-purpose signal light and the 12-inch signal search light.

**CHIEF PETTY OFFICER** G. A. Swanson of Moline, Ill., shows Recruits Elwood Lyslo of Plaza, N. Dak., and Leonard Mess of Dansville, N. Y., how to load a twin-mount 40mm. anti-aircraft gun.



flags they have won in this competition at the head of their column. The Navy believes that each individual, however young and junior, is likely to be called on at any time to perform a function requiring the exercise of a high order of individual initiative and intelligence. The need for such independent reasoning could well occur within a month after leaving the training center; failure to exercise it properly and promptly could mean a million dollars worth of equip-





THE NAVY doesn't neglect physical training. This builds sound bodies.



SEAMAN Recruit John P. Dalmassa of Pittsburgh, Pa., is "Doggin' the Hatch" (or securing the fireproof door) while Chief Petty Officer John W. Huber of Island Lakes, Ill., watches.



BOATSWAIN'S Mate 1st Class Charles Spiegel of Cincinnati, shows the recruits how to splice a rope to suit the Navy.

(continued)

## The Men Who Will Man Our Fleet

ment damage or the loss of many lives.

A large percentage of the hours of scheduled training at Great Lakes is in classroom instruction. The over-all subjects are Indoctrination (including Naval History, Traditions and Customs, Civics and Citizenship); Seamanship; Ordnance; Personal Hygiene; First Aid and Fire Fighting. Lectures and movies are employed to teach many of the subjects.

The Company commanders are Chief Petty Officers. They are the guides, advisors and continuous companions of the recruits through the

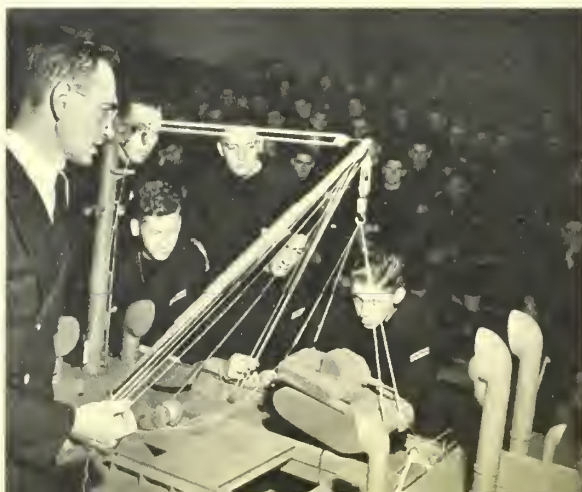
basic training period. A large qualified corps of officers and chief petty officers assist the company commanders in drills, classroom lectures, discussion periods, educational movies and quizzes.

These men are all veterans of many years with the Fleet and their presence and instruction are an inspiration to the young recruits. They are carefully selected for leadership qualities to answer the needs of the present-day Navy. Better teachers of military drill, physical training, practical work in elementary seamanship, ordnance and gunnery, fire fighting and first aid

BOATSWAIN'S Mate 1st Class John Scales of Dallas, Tex., instructs in boat seamanship. That's a mock-up of a whale boat swung on davits.



HOW TO load military cargo. The mock-up shows how a tank is lifted aboard what the Navy calls an AKA.







**RECRUITS** practice on the 5-inch .38 calibre loading machine which simulates the actual 5-inch gun, an effective weapon common to most naval ships.



**A LECTURE** on handling heavy deck gear. Recruits are holding up a pelican hook which releases the anchor.

## THE GIRLS BEHIND THE MEN WHO MAN OUR FLEET

ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA CALOMIRIS

would be hard to find anywhere. Spiritual needs of the recruits are provided for by chaplains assigned to the Command. Participation in weekly services, according to the faith of the recruit, is encouraged and several hours of lectures by the chaplains are included in the instruction.

Aside from the scheduled parts of his training, the recruit participates in the activities of the large recreation halls and libraries attached to each regiment, athletic contests between teams of different companies, recruit vaudeville shows, "happy hours" and smokers; he may share in extra-curricular activities with the drill team, drum and bugle corps and recruit orchestras or other diversions such as those to be found in the well-appointed hobby shop. (Continued on page 45)



**SOME WAVES** are selected for the electronics field. Here Seaman Apprentices Ada Griffin, of Princeton, Ind., and Camilla Gebhardt of Lake Hiawatha, N. J., work on an electronic instrument.



**CHAPLAIN BRENDAN J. WOLF** of Chicago, a Franciscan priest, gives his blessing to a group of Catholic Waves.



**THE BOYS** find time for a little close harmony in a recreation hall when day is done.



**THESE WAVES** with the paring knives don't seem as depressed over this chore of peeling spuds as the sailors might be.

**SYBIL GRIFFIN**, WAVE swimming instructor of Gadsden, Ala., shows the girls how to do the front crawl. Like the men recruits, all Waves must learn how to swim.







THEN I POKE the mirror in and bump a nerve. While my patient reacts I study the beautiful Lola.

# I Want to be a DENTIST!

If you've ever felt like doing  
unto your dentist as he does unto  
you, you'll enjoy this.

By RICHARD ARMOUR

ILLUSTRATED BY SYD LANDI

IT'S RATHER LATE in life for me to take up a new profession, but recently I've had a terrific urge to become a dentist. I wouldn't want to be a dentist long. One day would be enough. And I wouldn't want many patients. In fact I would want only one. Yes, let others be King for a Day, but let me be a dentist for a day, and let my family dentist, whom I shall call Dr. Hiram P. Fillar, come to me with aching jaws:

But first he would have to make an appointment. He would telephone me, and my dental hygienist, a beautiful creature named Lola La Verne, would call me from my work. I would be busily tearing the covers off the magazines in my waiting room, so that my patients wouldn't discover they had read them the year before.

"Yes?" I would inquire professionally.

"Thish's Hiram Fillar. Awful pain'n tooth. Gotta get some relief. C'n I see you today?"

I can tell from his muffled voice that he's in terrible pain. "Just a minute, Fillar, I'll look at my schedule," I tell the poor fellow. Maybe I can work him in this morning. No, there's still quite a stack of magazines to mutilate. How about this afternoon? Almost forgot, this is one of my six afternoons for golf. And all next week I've got to be at the County Dental Association meeting. The week after it's the State meeting. The next week it's the National.

"Are you still there, Fillar?" I ask.

"Yesh," comes the faint reply.

"Well, if you are really in pain, I'll do my best for you. Let's see, it's September 12th now. You drop in about 11:30 the 14th - June 14th, that is - and I'll look at that tooth of yours. G'bye, now."

I can hardly wait till June 14th, and neither can Hiram P. Fillar. In the nine months until then, though I have

no other patients, I have plenty of things to do. New magazines have come in, and these must be hidden. The drill must be run several hours daily to dry out the oil and get it to make a properly unpleasant whirl. And of course I must practice looking professional. This means two hours a day before my full-length mirror, scowling, raising (Continued on page 50)

WITH A straight face I tell him it isn't going to hurt a bit.





## Commander Cocke Asks Total Non-Vet Draft Before WW2 Vets Are Called Up For Service

In a hearing held by the House Armed Services Committee on January 15, National Commander Cocke made clear and unmistakable the Legion's opposition to the recall to service of WW2 veterans until the available manpower pool of non-veterans, including married non-veterans, is exhausted.

Commander Cocke told the House group, headed by Representative Overton Brooks, Louisiana, that the present deferment policies of the Armed Forces should be drastically tightened to obtain needed, qualified personnel from the 19-25 age group before World War veterans are called back to service. He made a strong plea for Universal Military Training service, with an adequate training period, as a long range plan for full and efficient utilization of manpower.

In his formal testimony before the House Armed Services Sub-Committee, the Commander presented a seven-point program to improve the efficiency and equalize the sacrifices of the Reserve components.

"We urge the creation of an office of Secretary of Civilian Components in the Defense Department," he declared.

"This position should carry precisely the same importance and command the authority as that of each of the present service Secretaries. The need for having such an official—one who not only understands and sympathizes with reserve problems but can devote all of his time to their handling—has existed for many years. I honestly do not see how the civilian components can ever attain the place due them at the Defense table without such recognition and influence at the top."

### Says Reserve Training Inadequate

The Legion Commander bluntly asserted that the training given members of the reserve units since WW2 has been on the whole inadequate.

He reminded the Committee that "citizen soldiers bear the heaviest burden in time of war. It is one of the great oversights in American history that they have never been given sufficient opportunity to prepare for this duty in time of peace."

In addition to calling for the establishment of an Office of Civilian Components within the Defense Department, Commander Cocke recommended that:

1. A program of Universal Military Training be established to foster permanent reserve strength.

2. In the event that UMT should fail of enactment, Selective Service should be used to feed the authorized manpower into the various civilian components.

3. Reserve officers should enjoy the

same opportunity for promotion as members of the Regular service.

4. The process of calling Reservists to active duty can and should be systematized to secure more consideration and greater security for the individual.

5. Commanding officers and staffs charged with Reserve training of Army, Navy and Air Force units should be located away from Washington.

6. To the greatest possible extent, Reserve and National Guard contingents should be activated intact.

The Commander placed emphasis on his testimony that "the services of non-veterans including married non-veterans should be utilized before calling those who wore the uniform in World War 2."

The Legion's recommendation, made year after year, for the establishment of a program of Universal Military Training was justified on the ground that such a program "would do more than any other single act to foster permanent reserve strength."

## LEGION JUNIOR BASEBALL '51 GUIDE OFF THE PRESS

The "Silver Anniversary" Legion Junior Baseball Guide for 1951 is off the press and is being distributed to all Departments for transmission to Posts, according to an announcement made by Dale Miller, Administrator of the Baseball program.

It is a 40-page booklet entitled "Junior Baseball, 1926-1951." Commemorating 25 years of Legion-sponsored sandlot diamond sport for teen-age boys, it covers the past, the present and some plans for the future of the program. More than 10,000,000 boys have played Legion Junior Baseball since the inception of the program in 1926.

Included in the new handbook are complete lists of Junior Baseball officials, a review of the 1950 national tournament, pictures of the winning and runner-up teams, action photographs, official rules for the 1951 season and a roundup of the names of 270 graduates of the program who have made the grade to the major leagues and are now playing in the "big time." This, in addition to players in minor leagues.

## Toys Gathered For Europe-Pacific Children Swamp Shipping Center; Tops 1950 Program

With toys by the tons pouring into the collection center at Philadelphia, topping a rate of 100,000 a day, American Legion officials predicted on February 1 that the 1951 Tide of Toys will exceed last year's three million total.

Something more than two million of the playthings given up by American youngsters for war-stricken children in Europe and the Pacific had been checked in at Pier 38, Philadelphia, by February 1st. Boxed in containers ranging from oil drums to fruit barrels, they were prepared for ocean travel amid indications that the bulk of shipments were still in transit to the central depot. The collection phase of the good-will program ended in January.

A Holland-American Line ship left Pier 38, South Philadelphia, on February 12 with the first consignment of 90 tons of toys for Europe. The vessel will proceed to Rotterdam, where toys will be distributed to children in the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and the western zones of Germany and Austria.

Ships immediately following will carry toys to children in the United Kingdom, the Scandinavian countries, Italy, France, Yugoslavia and Greece. At approximately the same time a boat load of playthings will be leaving a west coast port for the Philippines. Children of the latter country will be receiving toys for the first time this year.

Thomas E. Paradine, New York City, National Chairman for Tide of Toys, said that no plan had thus far been worked out for distributing toys to children of Korean soldiers in this country, but that the Committee would have a plan very soon. These also were included in the 1951 program, as were the children of Puerto Rico. Chairman Paradine said that the Puerto Rico Legion was handling its own distribution.

A colorful ceremony, which included talks by the Mayor of Philadelphia and other prominent officials, attended the Lincoln's birthday sendoff of the first good-will ship from Philadelphia. President Lincoln was there—by impersonation.

Chairman Paradine expressed himself as delighted with the response to the appeal for toys for the children of less favored lands. So generous was the response and so general was the collection carried on that the number of toys may exceed 1950 collection by 25 percent.

Buffalo, New York, with 90,000 contributions led the nation in number of toys received at the Pier up to this magazine's closing date on February 1st. Other leaders were Miami, Florida, and Denver, Colorado, with 44,000 each; Toledo, Ohio, 40,000; Richmond, Virginia, 25,000, and on down to some small numbers in individual Post contributions.



## BASIL STOCKBRIDGE DEAD; ORGANIZED GEORGIA LEGION



Basil Stockbridge

Basil Stockbridge, one of the Legion's founding fathers, died at his home in Atlanta, Georgia, on January 26 at the age of 63. Born in Japan, he served as a Captain in the 122nd Infantry in the first World War.

He was a delegate to the St. Louis Caucus in May, 1919, to perfect the Legion organization and was a member of the Committee charged with writing the Preamble to the Legion's Constitution. He organized the Legion in Georgia and served as the first Department Commander in 1919-20. He also served as the first Commander of Atlanta Post No. 1, and through all the years has been active in the organization in his Post, Department and in national affairs. At the time of his death he was serving as a member of the Legion's National Constitution and By-Laws Committee.

He had served as Grand Chef of the Georgia Grand Voiture of the Forty and Eight.

Commander Stockbridge is survived by his wife, Mrs. Jessie Stockbridge, and by three grandchildren, children of a deceased daughter. Burial was made in the National Cemetery at Marietta, Georgia, on January 29, The American Legion officiating.

## CHILD WELFARE MEETINGS, AREAS A AND C, IN MARCH

Two Area Child Welfare Conferences are scheduled for March, 1951—Area "C" (Southern) conference at the Jefferson Hotel, Columbia, South Carolina, March 2 and 3, and Area "A" (New England) at the Carpenter Hotel, Manchester, New Hampshire, March 9-10.

These two conferences will wind up the series of five area child welfare meetings for 1951. Similar conferences have been held by The American Legion each year since 1928. Recommendations and findings of the conferences play a prominent part in the development of American Legion child welfare policies and have helped to create in The American Legion the world's largest volunteer child welfare program.

Dr. Garland D. Murphy, El Dorado, Arkansas, Area "C" Child Welfare Chairman, will preside at the South Carolina meeting, assisted by E. Henry Cappelmann of Columbia, South Carolina, Area Vice Chairman.

National Child Welfare Chairman David V. Addy, Detroit, Michigan, will open the meeting with a panel presentation of child welfare objectives of The American Legion for 1951. Chairman

## COMMANDER ASKS FOR HELP FOR RED CROSS

By Erle Cocke, Jr.

National Commander, The American Legion

Everywhere, the Red Cross is a symbol of service to the family, the community and the nation. It beautifully expresses the American way of helping our fellow-man in time of need.

Victims of fire, flood, disease and destruction know the comfort and hope the Red Cross brings. Our servicemen in far-off lands see in the Red Cross something of home and the humanitarian principles they are pledged to defend.

As National Commander of The American Legion, it is heartening to know that Red Cross volunteers devote more than two million hours each year to veteran patients. In the Red Cross, we of The American Legion recognize a valuable ally in the important work of rehabilitating our disabled veterans.

But while still nursing the wounds of World War II, the nation faces, perhaps, the greatest crisis of all. Our cities are threatened with destruction. Thousands of our people face annihilation.

The Red Cross must have the support of every American so that it may continue and expand its procurement of blood and plasma, first aid training, disaster relief, and measures for civilian defense.

During the month of March, the Red Cross appeals to the American people for \$85,000,000 to carry on its vital work. To Legionnaires, to veterans everywhere, indeed, to all Americans, I commend this annual appeal.

Help the Red Cross so—if need be—the Red Cross can help you!

Addy will ask the conference to give particular study to the effects of the present defense and mobilization effort on children.

Previous conferences held in other areas of the country have asked that the present system of military dependency allowances be changed so as to permit dependents of servicemen to file for allowances on their own behalf if the serviceman fails to do so. This was the system which was in effect during World War II, and local child welfare workers of the Legion and Auxiliary have criticized the present law for leaving it entirely up to the individual serviceman as to whether he will file for dependency allowance or not.

### Braille Typewriter Wanted

Do you have a Braille typewriter—L. C. Smith-Corona—for sale? If so, Mrs. A. R. Baer, Chairman, Johanna Bureau for the Blind, 8200 Champlain, Chicago 19, Illinois, would like to hear from you. This group of volunteer Braille transcribers has funds for purchase, but is having trouble in getting the machines.

## ALL-AMERICAN RALLY AT PHILA., ON MARCH 10-11

The All-American Conference to Combat Communism will hold a general meeting at Philadelphia on Saturday and Sunday, March 10-11, according to an official announcement from the office of W. C. "Tom" Sawyer, Secretary.

The meeting will be in the nature of an anti-communist rally or assembly with all like-minded organizations invited to send representatives and participate. It is planned to organize the meeting something on the order of the highly successful gathering in New York in January, 1950. Provisions will be made for work-shop sessions on particular problems.

## 321 VA FIELD OFFICES TO BE CLOSED APRIL 1

The Veterans Administration has announced that it will close 321 field offices on April 1 because of an expected shortage of funds under President Truman's proposed budget for the fiscal year 1952.

All the offices affected have only one VA contact representative, but 117 of them house employees of other services. Four have a staff as large as 25. All States and Territories are affected, with the exception of Delaware, District of Columbia, Nebraska, Nevada and Alaska.

Officials said the need for personnel at hospitals and other places to handle the "anticipated volume of activities" would eliminate the one-man field offices.

While the 1952 fiscal year does not start until July 1, the earlier closing date was required, it was said, so that employees might be paid their accumulated leaves out of current funds.

## QUIZ KIDS TO MATCH WITS WITH PANEL OF AUXILIARES

It's up to the women to try to do what the men couldn't, when a group of the American Legion Auxiliary members meets NBC's famous Quiz Kids.

Mrs. Marie L. Sheehy, immediate Past National President, heads a panel of five nationally prominent Auxiliary members which will tangle with the youngsters when the American Legion Auxiliary is featured on the Quiz Kids radio program on Sunday, March 18, at 3:30 Eastern Standard Time. The feature will be aired by NBC.

Competing with the Quiz Kids in a question and answer session, the women are hoping they will be able to outscore the small fry—a feat five Legionnaires were unable to do when they appeared in Quizmaster Joe Kelley's radio classroom last November 8.

The special Auxiliary vs Quiz Kids broadcast competition promises to be lively and highly entertaining.



# VA Starts Payment Of Second NSLI Dividend In April—\$685 Million To Be Distributed

Payment of a second special dividend totaling \$685,000 to the holders of some 8,000,000 National Service Life Insurance policies was announced on February 1 by Carl R. Gray, Jr., Administrator of Veterans Affairs.

Dividends will be calculated through the anniversary date of the policy in 1951 and payment will follow a general schedule over the period of one year. The first checks will be ready in April. VA emphasized that no deviation from calculations or advancement in the production line can be made.

Veterans were urged not to write regarding the second dividend, since correspondence will cause removal of the file from the production lines and delay payment.

The payments will cover a three-year period, from 1948 to 1951. Policies held in force for a total of three months or more during this period will be eligible for dividends. This applies both to term and permanent plan policies including those which have lapsed or terminated by death of the insured.

The amount of dividend earned by each policy will vary according to the number of months it was in force, the plan of insurance, face value of the policy and the age of the insured at the time it became effective. Studies on rates still are being made, VA said.

The first special dividend of \$2.8 billion, payment of which now is virtually completed, covered the period each policy was in force up to its anniversary date in 1948. The second dividend will be for the number of months in force from that date to the corresponding date in 1951. Policies issued in 1948, 1949 and 1950 will earn dividends up to their anniversaries in 1951.

## 40,000 Yet to be Paid

Of the more than 16,000,000 policies involved in the first special dividend payment, only 40,000 for which application has been filed remain to be paid. These require special handling. VA said that the vast majority of the remaining policies required extensive research and development, many of them from records outside the VA, to verify premium payments. This is a vast reduction from the approximately 400,000 of these cases requiring special handling that remained to be paid on June 1, 1950. Veterans who have applied and who are entitled to payment of the first special dividend and who have not yet received checks were assured by the Veterans Administration that every effort is being made to effect payment.

Unlike the first dividend, no application will be required for the second dividend. In any case where there may be a question as to the address of record, a special, two-part return card will be mailed for verification of the proper address before a check is sent.

Special dividends are payable only in

cash and may not be left on deposit at interest. However, the check may be cashed and the proceeds used to prepay insurance premiums, which results in savings equal to three percent annual interest on premiums paid more than three months in advance.

## 5th LEGION BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT AT NATCHITOCHES

Red River Post No. 118, Coushatta, Louisiana, whose team won the 1950 American Legion National Basketball Championship, will play host to the 1951 Tournament in the city of Natchitoches, Louisiana, March 29-31. This will be the Fifth Annual American Legion National Basketball Tournament. The previous winners are: Midland, Michigan, 1947; Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, 1948; McPherson, Kansas, 1949, and Coushatta in 1950.

Natchitoches (pronounced Nak-i-Tosh) was selected as the site for the 1951 meeting and will have teams representing approximately 20 Legion De-

partments romping in her goal hall the last three days of March. Two of the teams will probably be from Louisiana, for the Red River Post team, as defending champion, is assured a place in the starting field. Other strong contenders for the 1950 crown, who are expected to be in the running this year are teams from Leora Weare Post No. 173, Versailles, Indiana; James J. Zientek Post No. 419, Chicago, Illinois; Lee Henley Raigins Post No. 164, Prairie, Mississippi, and Col. Joseph H. Thompson Post No. 261, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.

In the 1950 Tournament at McPherson, Kansas, the Red River Post team annexed the championship by humbling the 1948 champion from Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, in the final game by a score of 43 to 38. Averaging slightly more than six feet three inches in height, the lanky Southerners were clearly the class of the 17 teams representing sixteen Departments in that competition. Paced by Bob Lawther, who contributed 64 points to the Coushatta cause, the team from Louisiana became the first champion in the four-year history of the Tournament to hail from south of the Mason-Dixon line.

It is a certainty that there will be some outstanding clubs at Natchitoches and some basketball to rival the best played any place in the country.

## Top 4 Of 300,000 High School Orators Will Meet In Finals At Richmond, Va., April 16

The scene of the finals event of the Legion's 14th National High School Oratorical Contest to be held on April 16, 1951, will be Richmond, Virginia.

Four champion orators, emerging from more than 300,000 high school students currently entered in local high school competition, will vie at Richmond for the \$8,000 in Legion scholarships, through delivery of original orations and extemporaneous talks on some phase of the Constitution of the United States.

The best young orator of 1951, either girl or boy, will receive a \$4,000 scholarship, the second best a \$2,500 scholarship, 3rd \$1,000 and 4th \$500. These scholarships are good in any accredited college or university of the winner's choice within the continental limits of the United States.

It is expected that 47 or 48 continental Department winners will enter the 12 National Regionals which are to be held between April 10-14. The 12 Regional winners will then enter the four Sectionals, the victors of which become the four National Finalists in the Richmond competition.

All Department final contests will be held in conformity with the rules and regulations adopted by the National Americanism Commission, April, 1950. Department winners must be certified to the National Americanism Commission not later than April 1, 1951.

The National High School Oratorical Contest, which was first conducted in

1938 on the national level with eleven Departments and 4,000 students enrolled, received immediate nation-wide acclaim. The stated major objective was then, and is now the inculcation of a greater knowledge and appreciation of the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights in high school pupils.

Commenting on the apparently bright outlook of the 1951 Oratorical Contest year, Allen B. Willand, Director of the National Americanism Commission, remarked, "The Contest is rated today the foremost nationally organized youth program which actually makes the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights a living thing." Further, Director Willand commented, "competition in this activity also develops leadership and forensic ability, and provides the individual contestant with an understanding of the basic principles of American government under the Constitution."

"Every boy and girl should be offered the opportunity to enter the Oratorical Contest competition," the Director stated. "Failure to make this program available to every high school youth is, in a measure, denying him of his birthright. In this day and age, what our country needs is greater citizenship training, not less. The excellent objective training lessons inherent in the Oratorical Contest are beyond any measurement."



# Enrollments Close March 15 For Sixth Term Of Correspondence Leadership Study Course

The American Legion Extension Institute will close enrollment of Legionnaire students for its sixth term on March 15. This Institute offers a six-months correspondence study course in Legion programs and activities, with special emphasis on leadership in Posts and Departments.

Already 22,000 Legionnaires, most of them younger members, have completed these mail courses and have been awarded certificates of graduation. Many of them, qualified specialists in Legion affairs, now hold key positions in all levels of the organization. The course is so designed to equip the graduates with a complete knowledge of the background of all the manifold activities of the Legion, and also to develop qualities of leadership.

"This course is particularly valuable for American Legion membership workers," points out C. M. Wilson, Director of the National Membership and Post Activities Division at National Headquarters, who is in charge of the training program. "To sell The American Legion, you've got to know it! Posts are sold on the plan of instruction, and a considerable number now require candidates for offices to be graduates of the correspondence course."

## Tuition Fees

Tuition fees range from \$6 per student down to \$2, depending altogether upon the number enrolled from the same Post, County or District. According to the schedule prepared by Director Wilson, for one to four enrollments the tuition is \$6 per student. For five to nine enrollments it drops to \$3 a student, and for 10 or more students it is only \$2. Many Posts now select members to take this training course and pay the fees for the class.

Applications for Extension Institute should be made to Director C. M. Wilson, National Headquarters, The American Legion, 700 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis 6, Indiana. Remittances should be made payable to the National Treasurer of The American Legion.

The American Legion Extension Institute curriculum embraces six monthly lessons. One lesson is sent to each enrolled student, once a month. Students are not required to submit monthly tests to National Headquarters. They may grade themselves at the end of each monthly lesson. A quiz is enclosed with each lesson. The correct answers on Lesson No. 1 are enclosed with Lesson No. 2, and so on. At the close of the six months of study, final examination questions are mailed to all students, to be returned to National Headquarters for final grading.

Students who pass the final examination will receive Certificates of Graduation bearing the signatures of the Na-

tional Commander and National Adjutant. These certificates are suitable for framing. Miniature certificates also will be presented, suitable for carrying in a wallet. Every successful graduate also will receive a special recognition emblem for wearing on his American Legion cap.

## Course of Study

Lesson No. 1 of the Sixth Extension Institute will deal with the American Legion internal organization in the following phases: origin and birth, Legion law and Legion finances.

Lesson No. 2 will embrace the National Field Service, membership and Post activities, public relations, subsidiary groups, emblems and publications.

Lesson No. 3 will deal with youth activities, educational programs, community services and subversive influences.

Lesson No. 4 will cover the vast rehabilitation program including veterans' claims, the GI Bill and veterans' insurance.

Lesson No. 5 will take in the federal and state legislative activities and the economics program.

Lesson No. 6 will be devoted to the national security and child welfare programs.

## POST INDUCTS 60 MEMBERS; HONORS 30-YEAR VETERANS

The week before Christmas was a red-letter week in the history of Eugene M. Connor Post No. 193, Winchendon, Massachusetts, when at a special meeting a class of 60 new members was inducted into the organization. At the same meeting, honors were paid to 36 Legionnaires who have been members of the Post 30 years or longer.

The mass initiation and obligation of the class of 60 was impressively conducted by Joseph H. Ellinwood, Athol, Worcester County Commander. He was assisted by a team composed of County officers and Post Commanders.

Another highlight of the evening was the presentation of 30-year cards and pins to 36 veteran members, a few of whom were unable to be present. The presentation was made by Commander Charles E. Grout, and it was appropriate that the first card given should be presented to Kenneth B. White, Sr., first Post Commander.

At the regular meeting on the following Monday night, Commander Grout announced that Kenneth B. White had given the Post a lot directly facing Legion Park upon which to erect a suitable building to house the Post and its activities. A building committee immediately set about making plans for a building and for methods of financing, in order to take full advantage of the generous gift.

## "Unite for Freedom" Is Topic Selected For 1951 Observance Of American Education Week

UNITED FOR FREEDOM is the challenging topic selected by representatives of the four co-sponsoring groups, The American Legion, the National Education Association, the U. S. Office of Education and the National PTA organization, for the general theme of American Education Week, November 11-17, 1951.

Our schools share heavy responsibilities in the preservation of our heritage of freedom and the building of unity. With a global struggle now going on between the forces of freedom-loving people and dictatorship and, with our nation striving to enroll all other nations seeking peace into a single-purpose group to preserve the democratic way of life, it is not only appropriate but imperative that our schools emphasize the key position that education holds in fostering and maintaining a united nation.

That our total population may strive to UNITE FOR FREEDOM, Daily Topics selected for the observance of AEW 1951, beginning with Sunday, November 11, are "Our Faith in God," "Schools and Defense," "Schools Keep Us Free," "Education for the Long Pull," "Teaching the Fundamentals," "Urgent School Needs" and "Home-School-Community."

Allen B. Willand, Director of the National Americanism Commission, commenting on the importance of the 1951 observance, stated, "The great emphasis, I am convinced, our schools will place on the 1951 observance, should remind every citizen of his personal obligation to the nation's schools. Teachers and schools will be effective in their campaign to build unity only if they have united public support. Every adult should be aware of the urgent needs of the schools," continued Director Willand, "particularly, with rapidly increasing enrollments, such needs as better housing and facilities and more and better qualified teachers on a salary schedule equal to that of other professions with like training and experience.

"School needs are growing greater each year," the Director said, "and, with a 30 to 40 percent enrollment increase expected over the next ten years, the public must meet the inevitable challenge of urgent school needs with proper financial support. Improved democratic living and genuine national unity are very definitely the business of everybody and will be realized commensurately to the character of our schools and the effectiveness of education in this new generation."



More than one hundred Posts sent reports of successful Christmas parties and welfare projects during the holiday season; nearly every one was accompanied by one or more pictures. Sorry the limited space does not permit printing all of them, even though belated. Here are a few of the outstanding ones. . . . Continuing a 4-year program, Reams Post No. 182, Suisun, California, distributed repaired and rebuilt toys to 169 children from its Toy Shop. The toy shop is a year-round program carried on by Legionnaires and Auxiliaries, worked in with the child welfare program under direction of Mrs. Lura Gein, Chairman. . . . Suffolk (Virginia) Post No. 57 and its Auxiliary Unit entertained 150 underprivileged children at a pre-Christmas turkey dinner, with generous gifts for each child. . . . At Dallas, Texas, Post No. 802 had a Christmas tree for 100 children, with goodies for all—but more important, there were gifts of clothing, shoes and stockings for the children needing such items.

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John Meek Post No. 224, Catlettsburg, Kentucky, included a movie matinee, in addition to gifts, in their annual party for 350 children. . . . Grayling (Michigan) Post No. 106 had 734 children at its party on December 21, handled in six different groups. Statistical report: The children consumed 2,300 ice cream Dixie cups, 330 pounds of candy, 800 candy canes, 1,500 pop corn balls, 800 oranges, 800 bananas, with cakes and cookies to match—all this in addition to the Christmas stocking and more substantial gifts. . . . Franklin Miller Post No. 37, Michigan City, Indiana, with its Auxiliary Unit, had 150 children at the party—with carols, food and gifts for all. . . . Arcadia (California) Post No. 247 went all-out for the children and had more than 1,500 youngsters at its party at the Legion home. Santa Claus was there in person, but working in reverse he did not give presents—he spread 2,000 gifts on long tables and let the children select their own. Worst casualties, reports Publicist Charley Caward, were sticky faces and toys stuck to pop-corn balls.

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LePere-McCalister Post No. 416, Farmington, Missouri, took on a worthwhile post-Christmas program of collecting Christmas cards for distribution to children in hospitals, reports Adjutant Charles R. Ross. . . . James J. McGrath Post No. 74, Framingham, Massachusetts, arranged with New Hollis Theatre for a special movie—admission one toy for the Tide of Toys collection. Project was so successful that it will be repeated next year. . . . For the second time, Lowville (New York) Memorial Post No. 162 and Auxiliary Unit have a husband and wife team in command—Legionnaire and Mrs. Loren

Schoff. . . . Claude B. Huff, Finance Officer of Joseph T. Harris Post No. 163, Statham, Georgia, (also Sergeant-at-Arms, 9th District), has personally signed 120 of the 141 members enrolled by his Post for 1951.

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At its annual contest, Sergeant-at-Arms Stanley J. West, was awarded the Liar's Medal by Antrim-Mentz Post No. 66, Maple Shade, New Jersey, as the outfit's most consistent liar. He succeeds Commander Jack Handford, who held the title two successive years. . . . Virgil E. Deyo Post No. 1327, Prattsville, New York, earned the distinction of being the first Legion unit in the Department to exceed its 1951 membership quota—a high point reached on October 26. . . . Founded in 1947, the fifth annual Corpus Christi, (Texas) Day will be observed at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, on Friday, March 2. Service will be held at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier; Legion National Honor Guard, Washington, will serve with the Armed Forces honor guard. . . . 25th Infantry Division—now earning new honors in

## IT TAKES ALL SIZES TO MAKE UP A LEGION POST



Active in all Legion programs, Grayling (Michigan) Post No. 106 has another claim to distinction—Adjutant G. H. Quinn asserts that his Post has the largest and smallest Legionnaire, and sends a photograph to prove it. Left, George Morrison, 5 feet ½-inch tall, weighs 103 pounds; right, Paul Feldhauser, 6 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs a mere 403 pounds.

Korea—has an active association of its veterans and an alumni magazine, *Tropic Lightning Flashes*. J. T. Folda is President; address of the Association is P. O. Box 101, Alexandria, Virginia.

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William J. Seibert, 2nd Vice Commander; A. J. du Bouchet, Jr., Alternate National Executive Committeeman, and Henry J. Pinckes, Past Department Adjutant, all of the Department of Mexico, received the Cross and Badge of the Order of Div. General Ignacio Comonfort by the Cuerpo de Defensores de la Republica Mexicana for the part taken by The American Legion in the return of the Mexican battle flags captured by U. S. forces in the War with Mexico. National Executive Committeeman Roscoe Gaither had previously received the award. . . . Don W. Graham, Nyassa, Oregon, vet of both World Wars, Justice of the Peace and who has eight grandchildren, has been called back to duty from the Naval Reserve as gunner's mate 1st class. Active Legionnaire, he is currently serving on the National Distinguished Guests Committee.

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Quincy (Illinois) Post No. 37, working in cooperation with the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Salvation Army and commercial concerns, gathered more than 1,000 toys for needy children at Christmas time. . . . Report of the accredited representatives recognized by the Veterans Administration to represent veterans, as of January 23, 1951, gave a total of 4,638. Of this number, 2,170 were Legion service personnel, or nearly one-half of the total number. VFW is second with 397 representatives. . . . Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post No. 1, Denver, Colorado, has an active member who is a quadruple amputee of WW1. He is Louis Kresser, Navy vet, who received injuries in an explosion on board the USS *Mata* on November 12, 1918, which made necessary the amputation of both legs, the right arm, and the fingers of his left hand. . . . National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., has called on the 17,357 Posts of the Legion to aid immediately in the collection of waste paper badly needed for the current defense effort.

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Wisconsin Legion Department Executive Committee has approved a 20-year adjusted compensation plan for the State's WW2 vets. Plan calls for monies to be taken from liquor taxes and set up in special bonus fund—at the end of 20 years vets would be paid at rate of \$15 per month for overseas and \$10 per month for home service, up to a maximum of \$500. Joining with other vet organizations, the plan will be presented to the Legislature. . . . Breaking all existing bowling records in the Philippines for high single and high three game series, Claude A. Thorpe Post No. 10 team of the 12-team Classic Bowling League at Clark Air Force Base rolled to victory. The team rolled 1064 pins in the high single winner and 2970 pins in the high three series. Team captain is M/Sgt. Harley W. Neal, Post Commander.



# BILLS INTRODUCED IN CONGRESS

Carrying out mandates handed down by the National Convention at Los Angeles and by the National Executive Committee at its November, 1950, meeting, the National Legislative Committee has caused a number of bills to be introduced in the opening sessions of the 82nd Congress. The following bills, all of direct interest to veterans of the World Wars, were submitted on January 8 and 9 by Representative John Rankin, Mississippi, Chairman of the House Veterans Affairs Committee. All of the measures were referred to the Veterans Affairs Committee. The House number of the bill is given immediately after the title:

**PENSION FOR WW II WIDOWS:** H.R. 1079 (mandated by Los Angeles Resolutions 138,342 & 687, and NEC 16, November, 1950) would provide death pension for WW II veterans' widows and children on the same basis as now provided for those of WW I. Senator Johnson of Colorado introduced a companion bill in the Senate, S. 503. Latter bill to Senate Finance Committee.

**PENSION LAW REVISION:** H.R. 1078 (mandated by Los Angeles Resolutions 342 and 446, and NEC 4, November, 1950) would amend present law to provide disability pension to veterans who are totally disabled for six months or longer, instead of the permanent total disability requirement at the present. The bill would also increase the pension rate from \$60 to \$75 per month for those who have been pensioned less than ten years, or who have not reached the age of 65 years. It would increase the rate of those beyond age 65, or those who have been in receipt of disability pension for 10 years, from \$72 to \$90 per month. It adds a provision for those who are bedridden or helpless, in the amount of \$105 per month. The bill also raises present income limitations from \$1,000 to \$1,800 per year, and from \$2,500 to \$3,000, whichever is applicable. Senator Johnson of Colorado introduced the Senate companion bill, S. 505, which was referred to the Finance Committee. These bills include provisions for Korean emergency veterans.

**USGL INSURANCE LIENS:** H.R. 1084 (mandated by Los Angeles Res. 443) would remove liens on USGL insurance for certain periods, and which were the result of reinstatements of USGLI by certain disabled veterans of WW I.

**HOSPITALIZATION:** H.R. 1553 (mandated by Los Angeles Res. 615) would authorize the VA to provide contract or other hospitalization for U.S. citizen veterans residing in the Philippines. Senate companion bill (S. 498) was introduced by Senator Hill on January 16, and was referred to Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare.

**DEPENDENCY ALLOWANCE:** H.R. 1073 (mandated by Los Angeles Res. 500) would amend existing law to authorize additional payment to veterans in receipt of disability compensation, who have dependent wives and/or children. Present law permits such payments when disability is 50% or greater; our request is for proportionate payments when the disability is 10% or greater.

**PRESUMPTIVE SERVICE CONNECTION:** H.R. 1077 (mandated by Los Angeles Res. 623, and November, NEC Res. 53) would extend the presumptive period for non-pulmonary tuberculosis, and psychosis if manifested to a 10% degree within three years from date of honorable separation or discharge.

**SERVICE CREDIT:** H.R. 1218 (mandated by NEC Res. 10, November, 1950) would extend service credit to former members of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (WAAC) who served in WW II. This would primarily affect educational benefits under the GI Bill.

**APPELLATE REVIEW:** H.R. 1074 (mandated by NEC Res. 14, November, 1950) would authorize appellate review on all denied claims of veterans. Presently a veteran may not appeal a denial of certain insurance claims.

**WARTIME RATES:** H.R. 1217 (mandated by Los Angeles Res. 342) would grant wartime rates for disability compensation, and death compensation for Korean emergency service, instead of peacetime rates as now authorized. The bill would also class these veterans as "veterans of any war" for post service hospitalization benefits now provided by law for veterans of WW I and WW II.

**HOSPITAL BOARD:** H.R. 1081 (mandated by Los Angeles Res. 13) would reestablish a Federal Board of Hospitalization for the purpose of coordinating Federal Hospital construction, contract hospital programs, etc.

**DEATH PENSION:** H.R. 1076 (mandated by Los Angeles Res. 599) would amend existing law so as to authorize death pension to dependents of those who die in service, but whose death has been denied service connection for compensation purposes.

**DEATH COMPENSATION:** H.R. 1075 (mandated by Los Angeles Resolutions 499 and 577) would authorize service connected death compensation to de-

*(Continued on page 36)*

## HENRY AND CANTRELL ARE OLD TIMERS ON COMMITTEE

In point of continuous service on a National Standing Committee, J. M. (Pete) Henry, Winona, Minnesota, and Arch M. Cantrell, Clarksburg, West Virginia, have earned the leather medal with palms, and are now seniors in service in the corps of Committeemen. Both are members of the Contests Supervisory Committee, but began their service with the Trophies and Awards Committee, transferring to the new Committee when it was created without change of duties. Pete Henry has served continuously since 1931, and is well into his 21st year—his present term will expire in November, 1951. One year his junior in continuous service, Arch Cantrell has served continuously since November, 1932. His present term will expire in November, 1953—thus giving him a 23-year tenure of fixing rules and supervising the colorful contests at the National Conventions.

## CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES, BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS

Many Legionnaires, with a special interest in pending legislation or Governmental procedures or policies, have asked us for the names of key men in the House and Senate. For those Legionnaires who wish to communicate with responsible divisions of the 82nd Congress, a list of the Chairmen of the several Committees of the Senate and House is presented herewith. Addresses are U. S. Senate, or House of Representatives, Washington 25, D. C. Name of State following the name of each Chairman is only for purpose of identification.

### Senate

Agriculture and Forestry — Allen J. Ellender, Louisiana  
 Appropriations — Kenneth McKellar, Tennessee  
 Armed Services — Richard B. Russell, Georgia  
 Banking and Currency — Burnet R. Maybank, South Carolina  
 Expenditures in the Executive Departments — John L. McClellan, Arkansas  
 Finance — Walter F. George, Georgia  
 Foreign Relations — Tom Connally, Texas  
 Interior and Insular Affairs — Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Wyoming  
 Interstate and Foreign Commerce — Edwin C. Johnson, Colorado  
 Judiciary — Pat McCarran, Nevada  
 Labor and Public Welfare — James E. Murray, Montana  
 Post Office and Civil Service — Olin D. Johnston, South Carolina  
 Public Works — Dennis Chavez, New Mexico  
 Rules and Administration — Carl Hayden, Arizona

### House of Representatives

Agriculture — Harold D. Cooley, North Carolina  
 Appropriations — Clarence Cannon, Missouri  
 Armed Services — Carl Vinson, Georgia  
 Banking and Currency — Brent Spence, Kentucky  
 Education and Labor — Graham A. Barden, North Carolina  
 Expenditures in the Executive Departments — William L. Dawson, Illinois  
 Foreign Affairs — John Kee, West Virginia  
 House Administration — Thomas B. Stanley, Virginia  
 Interstate and Foreign Commerce — Robert Crosser, Ohio  
 Judiciary — Emanuel Celler, New York  
 Merchant Marine and Fisheries — Edward J. Hart, New Jersey  
 Post Office and Civil Service — Tom Murray, Tennessee  
 Public Lands — John R. Murdock, Arizona  
 Public Works — Charles A. Buckley, New York  
 Rules — Adolph J. Sabath, Illinois  
 Un-American Activities — John S. Wood, Georgia  
 Veterans' Affairs — John E. Rankin, Mississippi  
 Ways and Means — Robert L. Doughton, North Carolina



## COMRADES IN DISTRESS

Co. C, 374th Engineers Bn., Camp Hood, Tex.—Need to contact men who served with me at above station in 1942-43. Write Grafton Y. Vanderford, (T/4), 505 S. Walnut, Pittsburg, Kansas.

NCTC, Quoddy Village, Maine—Urgently need to hear from mates who were with me when I injured my back in machine shop, winter of 1944-45. Charles W. Swartz, R3, Box 74D, St. Joseph, Mo.

Co. F, 311th Engineers, 86th Division—Need to locate anyone who recalls me being in hospital at Angouleme, France, in fall of 1918. William J. Murphy, R2, Box 145, Starke, Fla.

SS Harvard Victory, (Armed Guard)—Need to locate Lt. Commander V. M. Teders. Claim pending. Henry Venzani, 107 Stuart Alley, Monongahela, Pa.

Co. K, 353rd Infantry, 89th Division, Camp Carson, Colo.—Need help to establish claim; will anyone who knows of my accident and hospitalization above camp, 1943, please write, Everett L. Torinzen, 228 Main St., Oakland, Maine.

Co. H, 2nd Ind., 1885th Unit Hq., Camp Howze, Texas—Will officers and men who remember me, particularly Lt. Riggan and Nurse (Lt.) who took care of me at Army Hospital, above station, when suffering back injuries. Elmer C. Boone, c/o Dañl Apts. No. 20, Watertown, So. Dakota.

Co. M, 109th Infantry, 28th Division, (WW1)—Urgently need to locate service comrades of William S. Ingram, hospitalized Base 13, Limoges, France, for battle wounds and gas after Second Marne, July, 1918. Particularly, Capt. Charles Mackey (or Mackie), Company Commander, Corp. Walter Blah, and Pvt. Sam Blair, and a Miss Mackin, Ward Nurse, (who married Ward Surgeon.) Records lost. Write F. J. Young, Veterans Service Officer, Courthouse, Bridgeport, Cal.

Service Battery, 281st FA Bn.—Will men who served with me at Fort Sill and overseas please write, particularly Sylvester Rolfson, Mike Lukas, Bill Hurley, Paul Heider, Woody Campbell, Hank Ceburra, Jack Brooks and Julius Mizda. Address George H. McTigue, 335 University Drive, Coral Gables, Fla.

Co. D, 35th Battalion, Camp Pike, Ark., (WW1)—Urgently need to locate C. C. Nickles (or Nichols), of Oklahoma, or others who remember my hospitalization during flu epidemic of 1918. Write Leslie Castleberry, Box 2123, Greenway Station, (Vet. Hospital), Tucson, Arizona.

Hunter College "Boot," Bronx, N. Y.—Important that Mrs. Lee Rankaitis, 1721 Elm, Manhattan Beach, Cal., contact service comrades at Hunter, April-May, 1944, particularly Lt. Winters, C.O.; at Norden Bombsight School, Banana River, Fla., May-July, 1944, Lt. Gimmel, C.O.; and at Naval Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., July-September, 1944, Mally, C.O. Needs statements.

Casual Replacement Unit, Angers, France, (WW1)—Need to hear from any officers or men at above station in July-August, 1918. I was a casual from 305th Engineers, Warden S. Donaldson, RFD 1, McLean, Va.

197th Aero Squadron, 131st Aero Sqdrn. (WW1)—Love Field, Dallas, Texas—Urgently need to locate men who remember me and know of forced landing 1 mile west of Arlington, Texas, November, 1918, particularly Lieutenant, pilot, 197th. Help needed to establish claim, please write. George W. Gantz, (ex-Master Sgt.), 1114 S. Mo., Roswell, New Mexico.

MacDill Field, Tampa, Fla., (WW2)—Will anyone who was with John Edward Warde at above field in 1934-44, please write immediately to his mother. Very important. Mrs. Salina Warde, 269 West 152nd St., New York City.

USS Suwannee-B. E. Loughlin (George), injured when ship was attacked by kamikazis in Leyte Gulf, October 25-26, 1944, needs statements from shipmates, particularly Lt. Ivor R. Thomas. Write Joseph R. Stuard, Service Officer, State Veterans Council, Concord, N. H.

Camp Personnel Adjutant's Detachment, Camp Meade, Md. (WW1)—Will anyone who served with Carey Parks Buchanan, August 5 to December 16, 1918, please write. Statements needed to establish claim for widow's pension. Mrs. Alma W. Buchanan, Rt. 1, Box 77, Hyattsville, Md.

USS Richmond, (CL 9)—Need to hear from Lt. Cooley or anyone of Div. M, January to September, 1943, or other shipmates who remember me. Statements to complete Naval medical record. Frank J. Bailey, Apt. 16, 1135 W. Seaside Blvd., Long Beach 2, Cal.

Co. I, 18th Infantry—Need statements to complete claim; will anyone who remembers me and my hands freezing latter part of January or first of February, 1943, please write. Particularly want to hear from Lt. Baron, Sgt. Ling and Corp. McClain. Milton J. Graves, 5610 Leslie, W. Nashville, Tenn.

Co. B, SATC, Auburn, Ala., 1918—Anyone who knows the whereabouts of Lt. Thompson and Pvt. Vickers, or knows of my foot trouble, please write. P. D. Beverett, Vernon, Fla.

Co. C, 62nd Signal Bn.—Will Capt. Fisher, Sgt. R. B. Reece, Sgt. Emory, Sgt. P. Keyner, and Corp. T. O. Youngblood and any others who knew me overseas, please write. Statements needed. Clarence P. Lowher, P. O. Box 1266, Decatur, Ala.

2nd Army Hqrs. Barracks, Memphis, Tenn.—Need to contact anyone who was at above barracks, March-June, 1943, especially Capt. Kibby, the 1st Sgt., Chas. Cornett, or any of the cooks, hospital orderly, etc. Claim pending. Ray Corben, Lamar, Mo.

Supply Co., 31st Infantry, (WW1)—Will anyone who served with Sgt. Hugo Peterson please write; statements needed for pensioning claim. Mrs. Hilma Peterson, 8221 So. 138th St., Renton, Wash.

353rd Fighter Group—Will Victor Tomasko please write; statement needed for claim. Stanley J. Kovalski, 44 Charles St., Ashley, Pa.

608th Ordnance Amm. Co.—Need help to establish claim; will any comrade who served overseas with me please write. Richard W. Pollard, 1135 Intervale Ave., New York 59, N. Y.

USS Henry Lee—Urgently need to hear from officers and men who served with Edward F. Beliveau, especially during the time when it was sunk. Assistance needed to establish service-connected claim. Write Morley L. Piper, Adjutant, A. P. Gardner Post 194, American Legion, South Hamilton, Mass.

Naval Air Service—Urgently need to contact service comrades of William LeRoy (Bill) Payne, AMM2/c, any of his stations, 1942 to 1945, Warrent Officer Prevost, Lt. (jg) Holland, AMM2/c Magnuson, and others. Served at San Diego, Norman or Purcell, Okla.; Treasure Island or Hollister, as tail gunner in CASU 37; at El Segundo in gyroscope school, and at Barber's Point, T. H., and Tinian. Write his wife, Mrs. William L. Payne, 7400 Oakland Ave., Oakland 11, Cal.

Co. L, 27th Infantry—Need to hear from 1st Sgt. J. B. Gregory, Pvt. J. Greenstein and Pvt. Frank Werkstein, who know of my accident in 1916 when I fell into the shaft of USAT Logan when enroute to Philippines. Write Joseph Kasandri, Sr., 9529 Lamontier Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio.

353th Group—475th Squadron—Will Lt. Booth, Engineer Officer; Lt. Stelbert, Pilot, Sgt. Craft or anyone who remembers the wreck of the 353th Group B-26, about March, 1943, while it was hangared at the 475th Sqdrn. at Barksdale Field, La., please write. Also need statements from others who know of my injury while removing a waist gun from a B-26 at same field. George W. Melvin, RFD 2, Bedford, Ky.

101st Airborne Division—Will Lt. Donald R. Dickson, Pvt. Richard G. Dean of Co. Am or anyone who remembers August J. Penke (known as "Pops" or "Silver" for his white hair) at Fort Bragg or Officers Candidate School at Fort Knox in October-December, 1942, please write. Statements, particularly from those who know of his foot infection, needed to establish claim for widow's pension. Mrs. A. Wanda Penke, 483 Northampton St., Buffalo 8, N. Y.

Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, New

port, R. I.—Help needed; will any service comrade who remembers me at above station January to June, 1943, please write; particularly Sgt. Walter Meyer, believed to be from around NYC. Christian O. Schnaitman, 108 Byers St., Springfield, Mass.

Troop I 6th Cavalry, (WW1)—Will anyone who served with me in France when I went to the hospital, or anyone who came back to the States with me as a casual in the 152nd Depot Brigade, please write. Orlo W. Allen, R 1, Kuna, Idaho.

Ward D3, Fleet Hospital 114 Samar, P. L.—Will anyone who was in this Ward with me in August-September, 1943 or anyone who knows the address of Evelyn Pabst, Navy Nurse, please write. Statements to prove eye operation needed. Edward W. Stewart, P. O. Box 6, Kissimmee, Fla.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

4th Armored Division Association—5th annual convention, Chicago, Ill., July 5-7; Sherman Hotel. Info from Albert Rosen, Secretary-Treasurer, P. O. Box 247, Madison Sq. Station, New York 10, N. Y.

5th (Red Diamond) Infantry Division—Annual reunion at Philadelphia, Labor Day weekend. Info from Frank Mulvaney, National Secretary, 1023 S. Farragut Terrace, Philadelphia 43, Pa.

26th (Yankee) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, Portsmouth, N. H., June 7-10. Albert Shepard, Convention Secretary, P. O. Box 845, Portsmouth, or H. Guy Watts, National Secretary, 200 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

78th (Lightning) Division, (both WWs)—Reunion, Newburgh, N. Y., night of April 14th; American Legion Bldg. Write or contact John E. McLean or William B. Cook, American Legion Post, Newburgh for details.

80th (Blue Ridge) Infantry Division Veterans Assn.—32nd annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, August 2-5; headquarters, Hotel Mayflower. Information from Harry J. Collette, Resident Secretary, 302 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

94th Infantry Division Assn.—2nd annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 15-17; headquarters, Hotel Sherman. Details from 94th Div. Assn., P. O. Box 1111, Washington 13, D. C.

United Mexican Border Veterans—National Convention and Indiana Department reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., June 8-10. For information write Henry W. Krippenstapel, State Commander, 416 S. Armstrong St., Kokomo, Ind.

American Ex-Prisoners of War—Annual convention, Chicago, Ill., May 3-6; headquarters, Congress Hotel. Write Thomas W. Welsh, Convention Chairman, 5354 S. Fairfield Ave., Chicago 32, Ill.

American Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor—6th annual national reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., April 6-8; headquarters, Hotel Bellevue-Stratford. For details write Lawrence McQueeney, National Secretary, P. O. Box 517, Federal Square, Newark, N. J.

550th Ord. HM Co.—2nd annual reunion, New York area, April 28. For info and details contact Harry Weidy, Box 11, Mineola, L. I., N. Y.

305th FA Bn. and Regiment—Annual dinner dance, Midston House, 38th St. and Madison Ave., N. Y. City, April 7. Contact 305th FA, 28 East 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

390th AAA AW Bn., (WW2)—4th annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., August 16-18. Details from Charles E. Skinner, General Chairman, 4416 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Class 41-E, Stockton Field, Cal.—10-year reunion, July 13-15. Write Roger W. Stinchcomb, Jr., Greenville, Texas, for full details.

301st Supply Train, 76th Div., (WW1)—34th annual reunion and banquet, April 21 at Hotel Essex, Boston, Mass. For reservations write Leroy F. Merritt, 20 Waverly St., Brockton 50, Mass.

753rd Railway Shop Bn.—2nd annual reunion, Bucyrus, Ohio, June 9-10. Info from Charles Seyler, Secretary-Treasurer, or Robert H. Johnson, Jr., Box 185, Bucyrus, Ohio.

Battery B, 55th Artillery, AEF Veterans Assn., (WW1)—27th annual banquet, Boston, Mass., April 14; Hotel Manger. Contact Frederick J. Milliken, Adj., 12 Puritan Ave., Dorchester 21, Mass.

104th Infantry Veterans Assn.—Reunion, Worcester, Mass., April 27-28; headquarters, YD Club. All communications to Albert S. Richardson, Secretary, 411 Burncoat St., Worcester 6, Mass.

52nd Sea Bees—4th annual reunion, Oklahoma City, Okla., August 3-5. Info from Myron Hinkle, Secretary, 209 North 10th St., Ponca City, Okla.

USS Massachusetts—Men who served on "Big Mamie," WW2, who are interested in reunion at Boston, Mass., May 12, contact James L. Harrington, 158 Salem St., Reading, Mass.

Base Hospital 37, AEF—32nd anniversary dinner and reunion, New York City, May 19; Hotel Abbey. Write Bernard J. McAfee, 305 8th Ave., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

Co. C, 315th Ordnance Co., 604th Ordnance Bn.—5th annual reunion, New York City, May 18-20; Hotel Empire, 63rd St. and Broadway. Contact A. W. McDonald, 251 E. 236th St., Bronx 70, New York City.

28th Division Society, (both WWs)—National convention, Bethlehem, Pa., June 27-30. Address all inquiries to A. W. Frymyer, General Chairman, RFD 2, Bethlehem, Pa.

### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA DECEMBER 31, 1950

#### ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit....	\$	865,523.56
Receivables .....		797,900.75
Inventories .....		369,475.05
Invested Funds .....		667,477.87
Permanent Trusts:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund .....	\$	255,103.20
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund .....		1,213,680.67
Real Estate, less depreciation....		640,992.32
Furniture and Fixtures, less depreciation .....		305,960.66
Deferred Charges .....		52,885.37
		<u>\$5,168,999.45</u>

#### LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities .....	\$	203,057.78
Funds restricted as to use .....		481,462.23
Deferred Income .....		1,857,699.35
Permanent Trusts:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust .....	\$	255,103.20
Employees' Retirement Trust .....		1,213,680.67
Net Worth:		
Restricted Capital:		
Reserve Fund .....	\$	23,464.13
Restricted Fund .....		16,798.68
Reserve for construction of Washington office .....		786,713.93
Real Estate .....		80,000.00
Unrestricted Capital:		
Surplus .....		178,193.00
Excess of Income over Expense 12 months .....		72,826.48
		<u>251,019.48</u>
		<u>\$5,167,996.22</u>
		<u>\$5,168,999.45</u>



## LOS ANGELES CONVENTION FILMS READY FOR SHOWING

The American Legion's 1950 Convention film was released to Posts and Departments throughout the nation on February 1st. This announcement was made by Frank Rinn of Schenley Distributors, Inc., which will have charge of distributing the films.

The movie, which was made by Universal Newsreel Company at the Los Angeles Convention last October, was produced in the laboratories of Castle Films, Inc., 1445 Park Avenue, New York City. It is approximately 30 minutes in length, 16-millimeter screen, and gives a memorable impression of events and personages which helped to make the Legion's 32nd annual Convention at Los Angeles such a memorable and colorful one.

The first half of the film is in black and white. It deals mostly with happenings at the convention hall and arrival of important guests. The second half in technicolor deals almost entirely with the parade. Voice is by Connie Evans. The film can be used as a powerful tool in membership work.

The convention film was produced for the Legion for the second consecutive year by the Schenley Corporation, with cooperation of the various Schenley Legion Posts and the Legion's National Public Relations staff. It will be shown free of charge to Posts, Departments and District meetings by Schenley field representatives. Individual Posts may also secure the film by writing direct to Frank Rinn, c/o Schenley Distributors, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Postage from and to New York must be paid by Posts which order the film by mail direct. These charges, however, will be negligible, in most cases probably not exceeding \$2.00.

## BILLS IN CONGRESS

(Continued from page 34)

pendents of the permanently and totally service connected veterans who die from other causes than those for which service connection had been granted.

**RETIREMENT REVIEW:** H.R. 1085 (mandated by Los Angeles Res. 596) would provide for review, on request of person concerned, of cases involving disability retirement of certain officers by amending Section 302, Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944, as amended. Senator Johnson, Colorado, introduced companion bill in Senate, S. 511, on January 16. Referred to Committee on Labor and Public Welfare.

**TERM LEVEL INSURANCE EXTENSION:** H.R. 1072 (mandated NEC Res. 52, November, 1950) would extend renewal authorization of 5 year term level USGL Insurance. This has been accomplished each five years since WW I.

**HONORABLE DISCHARGE:** H.R. 1080 (mandated by NEC Res. 15, November, 1950) would authorize honorable discharges for those aliens who served honorably for a time during WW I, but who were discharged because they were aliens, and who did not receive honorable discharges — merely separation notices.

## JAMES T. DUANE, ARIZONA DEPARTMENT ADJT., DEAD

James T. Duane, Department Adjutant of Arizona, The American Legion, died late in January at his home at Phoenix, after a lengthy illness. One of the early Legion leaders, he served as Department Commander of Massachusetts during the 1920-21 term and was also that Department's representative in the National Executive Committee at the same time. Removing to Arizona some years ago, he was the wartime Chief of Police of Phoenix. He was appointed Department Adjutant in 1946 and served until his death.

## NEW BOOKS ON COMMUNISM RECOMMENDED FOR READING

No one need to misunderstand the nature and objectives of world communism. There are literally thousands of authoritative and documented books on the subject — new ones come off the presses every week. The Research Staff of the Legion's National American Division recommends and endorses the following new titles. They should be on the shelves of every library which claims to keep up with the times and with burning public issues. Check with your local library — public, school and colleges — and see if they are available. Hand the librarian a copy of Irene Kuhn's Article, "Why You Buy Books That Sell Communism," published in the January number of this magazine.

*The Case of Comrade Tulayev, Serge;* DOUBLEDAY, \$3.00.

*The Front Is Everywhere, Kintner;* UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, \$3.75.

*I Believed, Hyde;* PUTNAM, \$3.50.

*Red Masquerade, Calomiris;* LIPPINCOTT, \$3.00.

*Smersh (Death to Traitors), Sineversky;* HOLT, \$2.75.

*The Choice, Shub;* DUELL, SLOANE AND PEARCE, \$2.75.

*Soviet Image of the U. S., Barghoorn;* HARCOURT BRACE, \$4.00.

*Theory and Practice of Communism,* Hunt; MACMILLAN, \$3.00.

## Christmas Comes to Mid-Pacific

Mid-Pacific Post No. 1, Agana, Guam, together with other organizations in the Marianas Islands, have formed the Guam Central Veterans' Council, according to a report of Commander Charles C. Diamond. These Posts, with their Auxiliaries, sponsored a Christmas program for the patients in the Naval Hospital and Guam Memorial Hospital. A total of 498 Christmas packages were made up for the hospital inmates, and a great number of Christmas cheer packages were made up for children.

## White Sox Signs Porter

J. W. Porter, catcher for the twice national champion Legion Junior Baseball team sponsored by Capt. Bill Erwin Post No. 337, Oakland, California, has been signed up by the Chicago White Sox for a reported bonus of \$50,000.

## WW2 VETS WARNED OF CUTOFF DATES IN SOCIAL SECURITY

Two dates in the current year are important in the social security program and therefore important to a considerable number of veterans of WW2. One has to do with the filing of claims to avoid loss of benefits and the other with benefits for survivors of veterans who die within 3 years after separation from the service.

An estimated three-quarters of a million persons, many of them veterans, were made eligible for monthly social security benefits by the amendments of 1950 to the Social Security Act. These are workers who had credit for some "quarters of coverage" but not enough to be eligible for benefits under the old law. And, of course, many of them have wives who are also eligible.

It is important to remember that a claim must be filed before benefits are paid. Also, that benefits are retroactive only six months from date of filing a claim. Undue delay, therefore, may result in the loss of some benefits.

For those who have credit for six quarters or more who were not eligible for benefits under the old law but are now eligible, benefits are payable for August 1950 and subsequent months but the August benefit will be lost unless a claim is filed prior to April 1951.

Social security wage credits of \$160 a month are given all veterans for each month of service in WW2 between September 16, 1940 and July 24, 1947. Thus a veteran who served throughout the war would have wage credits of \$13,280 and 29 quarters of coverage. These social security credits may not be used if WW2 time is counted for military, civil service, or other Federal retirement benefits.

Another social security deadline comes up later in the year. In order to give WW2 veterans a chance to reestablish their insured status under social security the Congress provided that a veteran who died within three years after discharge would be deemed to have died a fully insured person. The deadline is July 26, 1951.

The requirements here are that the veteran (1) served in WW2 as defined above, (2) had 90 days or more of active service in the Armed Forces, or, if his service was less, was discharged by reason of a disability or injury incurred or aggravated in service in line of duty, (3) was discharged from service under conditions other than dishonorable, prior to the expiration of July 26, 1951, and (4) died within three years after his separation from the service.

Separation from the service must occur on or before July 26, 1951 — if this provision is to be applicable death must occur within 3 years of separation and in no case later than July 26, 1954. This provision is entirely separate from the one giving wage credits to veterans of World War II. The wage credits are available to the veteran for use at any time a social security claim is filed by him or an eligible survivor.



# Veterans Newsletter

A digest of events which are likely  
to be of personal interest to you

March, 1951

## MAGNUSON OUT AS VA MEDICAL DIRECTOR:

Climaxing long standing disagreement, Dr. Paul P. Magnuson, Chief Medical Director of VA, left his post on January 15....Will be succeeded on April 1 by Vice Admiral Joel T. Boone, Medical Corps, U.S. Navy, Retired....Magnuson's departure in a bit of fog--Medical Director says he was ousted; Veterans Administrator Carl R. Gray, Jr., says he resigned--that the Administrator accepted a previously submitted resignation....Matter will be threshed out by a Senate Investigating Committee....Investigation ordered by Senator James E. Murray, Chairman of Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare.

Disagreement between Administrator Gray and Medical Director Magnuson was fanned into a brisk blaze over questions whether doctors or lay administrators would have controlling voice in running the VA's 170 hospitals....Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Minnesota, will head probe sub-committee of five members....Purpose, says the Senator, is not merely to air differences between the two executives, but to go thoroughly into past and present policies of VA, particularly as to medical administration.

Admiral Boone, WW1 with Marine 6th Regiment, 2nd Division, and 3rd Fleet Medical Officer, WW2--holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor--has had long and distinguished career....Service also includes tour of duty as White House physician for Presidents Harding, Coolidge and Hoover.

## HOUSE PASSES GI FREE INSURANCE BILL:

By a vote of 390 to 0, House passed a bill granting free insurance coverage of \$10,000 to all Armed Forces personnel, payable upon death while in service....The same bill was passed by the House in closing days of 81st Congress, but Senate failed to act on it....New measure goes to Senate for consideration....If enacted into law, it will eliminate the life insurance program under which servicemen are permitted to take out policies up to \$10,000 insofar as present Armed Forces personnel is concerned....USGLI insurance of WW1 and NSLI coverage of WW2 will not be affected.

## VA'S MEDICAL CORPS DIFFICULTIES:

VA is facing serious shortage in its medical staff....Has not been able to staff recently completed hospitals and open them to service of veterans who are in need of treatment....Hospital at Omaha, 500 beds, after long delay, was opened for patients on February 1st....Recently completed (and dedicated) 200-bed hospitals at Clarksburg and Beckley, West Virginia, and Poplar Bluff, Missouri, have not been opened because of shortage of medical and nursing staff--and VA can give no date when these hospitals will be ready for service....As of January 18, VA had lost 122 full time doctors, 208 resident doctors, 285 nurses and 41 dentists to Armed Services....Situation is serious one--VA top medical staff met with other Governmental and Armed Forces medical divisions to find a way out....Combined group called

on White House for statement of definite policy of calling doctors and essential medical personnel into service.

## PRESIDENT'S BUDGET MESSAGE:

Federal Budget for year ending June 30, 1952, is 71.6 billions, as against 47.2 billions for 1951....President Truman emphasized military necessity in presenting his recommendations to Congress....For first time in six years budget for veterans' affairs calls for expenditure of less than 5 billion dollars....Peak was reached in 1947 when the sum of \$7,370,000,000 was appropriated....1952 budget of \$4,911,000,000 is considerably below the peak....Reduction is easily understood, in that major program of WW2 vets readjustment program is drawing to a close--education and training, loan guarantees, unemployment and self-employment allowances....Compensation and pension appropriations are carried on the same basis as for 1950 and 1951....Beyond a certain point the estimates for these expenditures is not exact, since the flow of awards is not subject to day-by-day control....Increase of 49 millions for new hospitals completed or under construction....Impact of new war in Korea, which will add to VA all-over load, will probably call for extended appropriations.

## NSLI DIVIDEND FOR 1951:

Payments of the 1951 NSLI dividend are scheduled to start in March....New dividends will be smaller than the first paid last year, when \$2,800,000,000 was ear-marked for payment to policyholders over an eight-year period....Only those whose policies have been kept alive during the 1948-1950 period will share in the new melon-cutting....This involves some 8,200,000 policyholders and an immense amount of paper work....According to the plan worked out by the VA Insurance Division, dividends for policies with January and February anniversary dates will go out some time in March....Policyholders with March anniversary dates will get theirs in late March or early April....Thereafter, policyholders will get checks about 10 days after the policy anniversary dates....Just to keep the record straight: The dividend is not a bonus; it represents the excess of premium payments over the amount of money required to meet possible claims.

## KOREAN VETS BENEFIT UNDER PL 16:

Public Law 16, to provide rehabilitation training for wounded and disabled veterans, was extended to cover veterans disabled since the fighting started in Korea--when President Truman signed a law on December 28....Previously, the training had been limited to disabled WW2 vets who saw military service between September 16, 1940, and July 25, 1947....Those injured in service after the 1947 date were not eligible for training under this law, even though their wounds and disabilities occurred in action.

Under the new law, vets disabled while on active duty on or after June 27, 1950, may be entitled to Public Law 16 education and training if they meet



three requirements....(1) They must have been separated from service under conditions other than dishonorable....(2) They must be in need of training to overcome the handicap of a disability incurred in or aggravated by military service on or after June 27, 1950....(3) The disability must have resulted from conditions under which the VA pays compensation at full wartime rates....Definition of wartime rates: Rates payable for injuries or disabilities resulting from armed conflict; during extra-hazardous service, including service under conditions simulating war, or while the U. S. is engaged in war....VA has by regulation recognized all service in the Pacific as qualifying under these provisions.

Deadline for Public Law 16 training of Korean vets is nine years after the cessation of hostilities--a date yet to be set....This termination date, however, should not be confused with the cut-off date for WW2 vets in training....WW2 program of training for disabled ends July 25, 1956....There is provision for extended training for WW2 vets who had the benefit of the law if it is found to be needed because of new disabilities, compensable at wartime rates, incurred after the 1950 date.

#### LEGION CALLED ON TO STEP UP BLOOD PROGRAM:

Blood is life to the battle casualty, to the victim of disaster on the home front, to the day-to-day ill and injured in our hospitals....The need for blood was never greater than now for the fighting men in Korea, and for our blood banks at home....Legion Posts and individual Legionnaires are called upon to organize for blood donations and to give their own blood....The National Executive Committee, at its November, 1950, meeting urged Legion support of established and recognized blood banks, such as the Legion-established banks and the widespread program of the American Red Cross....Hundreds of Posts are co-operating, thousands of others should enlist in the program.

The American Red Cross has a three-fold responsibility--to collect blood for the Armed Forces, to stockpile blood and its derivatives for Civil Defense, and to supplement hospital blood banks in meeting the continuing needs of the ill and injured....Donors have a choice....Blood may be designated by the donor as for local use, it may be flown to Korea for use by the Armed Forces, or it may be processed to help meet the request of Civil Defense authorities for an unlimited supply of blood and its derivatives....This, the doctors say, is essential to save the lives of victims of atomic warfare....The need is pressing--a pint of your blood may save the life of a soldier in Korea, or it may save the life of a member of your own family in a hospital here at home.

#### WIDOW'S ENTITLEMENT TO GI HOME LOAN:

Clearing up doubt as to eligibility of an unremarried widow whose serviceman husband died after July 25, 1947, VA has ruled that the date of death of veteran has no bearing on the eligibility of his widow for a GI loan under the Housing Act of 1950....The Act entitles unremarried widows of those who died either in or after service, from service-connected causes, to the GI loan benefits to which their husbands would have been eligible had they lived....In effect, it means that the widow of a serviceman who had the required WW2 service and who was killed in Korea may be entitled to a loan....Also, a widow would be entitled if her husband died from service-connected causes at any time in the future--so long as she applied before the end of the GI loan program on July 25, 1957....The veteran, however, still had to meet the service requirements: active duty at any time between September 16, 1940, and July 25, 1947, other than dishonorable discharge, and at least 90 days' total service unless discharged before 90 days for line-of-duty disabilities.

#### MEDALS OF HONOR FOR KOREAN WAR:

Five Congressional Medals of Honor, America's highest decoration for gallantry in combat, have been awarded to heroes of the war in Korea....None of the men selected for the highest honor could receive the award for performance of duty "beyond the call of duty"--two were killed in action and three are missing in action....At a ceremony held in the White House on January 6th President Truman presented the medals to the nearest relatives of Major General William F. Dean, Commander of the 24th Infantry Division; 1st Lieutenant Frederick F. Henry, Clinton, Oklahoma, and Private First Class Melvin L. Brown, Mahaffey, Pennsylvania, who are missing in action; and to Master Sergeant Travis E. Watkins, Gladewater, Texas, and Sergeant Charles W. Turner, Boston, Massachusetts, who were killed in the action for which the award was made.

#### ARMY ABANDONS "RECRUIT" GRADE:

Here's a bit of cheer for the millions of young men prospectively headed for a hitch in Uncle Sam's Army....From here out--or until a new brainstorm strikes some bright mind in the Pentagon--one cannot be lower than a Private in the service....For the past two and a half years rookies in the Army officially were called "Recruits" and addressed as such during their first four months of training....Now, the soldier becomes a "Private" on being sworn in--but will receive the \$75 monthly pay formerly given a recruit....After four months the pay to qualified GIs is \$82.50 per month....Elimination of the lower grade is a morale measure, and also serves to simplify Army bookkeeping.

#### MARINE CORPS CALLING RESERVISTS:

Marine Corps is calling into active service 2,000 more of its Reserve Ground Officers and 250 Aviation Reserve Officers, mostly of the grade of 1st Lieutenant....Greater portion of the officers called will be of "combat type" specialties....Also, nearly all of the remaining 2,500 Reserve ground staff non-commissioned are to be called, except those having specialties where sufficient numbers are on active duty....Minimum of 30 days delay in the call to active duty will be granted, except where additional deferment is authorized....The four months advance notice for Marine Reservists is no longer possible under emergency conditions.

#### 81st CONGRESS MULLED OVER 16,000 BILLS:

A total of 16,670 bills were introduced in the 81st Congress, according to the bright young men on the sprightly Congressional Record....That's an average of 22 a day counting Sundays, when Congress did not meet....Out of all this welter of bills, 1,986 were enacted into laws of various kinds....First 15 days of the 82nd Congress saw 2,539 bills and resolutions introduced--adding up to 169 a day, counting Sundays....More important--but not amazing to the folks back home--was the report of release of gas pressure....Says the ever-factual Record, Senate met 389 times, Senators talked 2,480 hours and 1 minute....House met 335 times, Representatives talked 1,500 hours and 48 minutes.

#### GIGANTIC MARINE MEMORIAL:

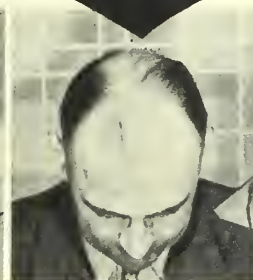
One of the largest statuary groups in the world--Marines raising the flag on Iwo Jima--is nearing completion in Washington....It will be the central piece of a permanent Marine Memorial on a site between Washington and Mount Vernon, Virginia....The 100-ton group has already cost a small fortune--the sculptor, Felix G. DeWeldon, Vienna-born WW2 Navy vet, got a boost from a GI business loan to keep the work going....Each of the six figures is 32 feet tall; legs 15 feet long; arms stretch out 12 feet; helmets measure 11 feet around, and each canteen could hold 8 gallons of water.



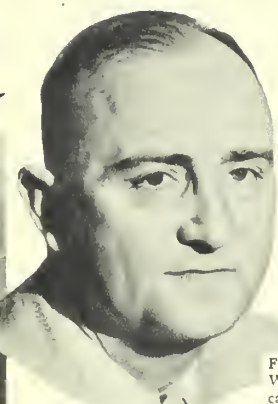
## LOOK AT THESE PICTURES



April 16, 1949

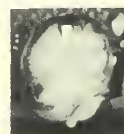


Dec. 1, 1949



Mr. Nagle as he looks today

## DOCTORS VERIFY RESULTS



Before



After 41 weeks



Today

For over a year, a large group of men and women have been using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation. One of these users is grocery store owner E. "Al" Liefson, 7019 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wn., pictured above. The authenticity of these medical tests and the results observed in them are documented by the sworn testimony of the medical personnel who conducted and participated in these tests.

FORMER ARMY SGT. DON B. NAGLE, 8609 34th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Wn., was another of the group using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation. Mr. Nagle says, "Just to have stopped losing ground and to have a little more hair is wonderful. Now my hair is filling in where it has been sparse for 8 years."

## ARMY - NAVY - MARINE VETERANS

# Have Grown Hair!

"I HAVE SEEN IT WORK"  
says ex-Navy barber



Above, Navy veteran Harold Wilcox, now a barber at Ute, Iowa, who says: "Mighty convincing to me is the fact I have seen results on my own head. Even more important, I have seen at least four of my own customers who now have more hair than they did before."

Above, Chet Grigg, prominent Mapleton, Iowa, farmer, getting "finishing touches" from barber Wilcox. Chet Grigg was totally bald, and now has hair again. SMALL INSET PHOTO: Chet Grigg as he looked before using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage.



## Amazing . . . Exciting News from Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon

Carl Brandenfels' remarkable research HAS PROVED that hair roots CAN BE ALIVE even on totally bald people! No longer must you believe the fallacy that your hair follicles are dead just because no hair is growing from them. Look at these pictures and see for yourself! Mrs. F. M. Harris was told by doctors that her hair roots were dead. Mr. Nagle, Mr. Rainey, Mr. Liefson and many others THOUGHT their hair roots were dead. . . but their own pictures prove that the follicles MUST HAVE BEEN ALIVE, because today hair is growing in these former bald areas!

### THE ONLY FORMULAS AND MASSAGE OF THEIR KIND IN THE WORLD

Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage cannot be compared with anything else you may have used, heard about or read about. The two secret Brandenfels' formulas together with the unique Brandenfels' pressure massage are designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp, and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area.

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair-growers." He does not guarantee that it will promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. Carl Brandenfels does believe that proper use of his formulas and massage may, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.



Jan. 22, 1949

June 19, 1949

Today

### Successfully Used by Women, Too

Above, Seattle business woman, Mrs. F. M. Harris, 1317 Boren, Seattle, Wn., who is another of the "medical test group." Many of the over 16,000 testimonial letters Carl Brandenfels has received are from women users of his home course.

### 16,105 LETTERS OF PRAISE

Carl Brandenfels has in his files, verified by the impartial audit of Certified Public Accountants—16,105 letters from users who report from one to all of the following results: renewed hair growth, no more excessive falling hair, relief from dandruff scale (Dandruff may be the FIRST WARNING of approaching baldness), and improved scalp conditions.

### PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME

No embarrassment, no time lost from work, no costly office treatments. Use these non-sticky, non-odorless formulas and the unique Brandenfels' Pressure Massage in the privacy of your own home. A 5-week supply costs \$15.00 plus \$3.00 Federal tax (total \$18.00). Send your order today to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.



"I was totally bald for more than two years. Saw your ad in a veteran's magazine, and I'm truly thankful I ordered."—L. Rainey, Petros, Tennessee.

### PARATROOPER GETS RESULTS

Sgt. Matthew Jonas, 112 East 7th Street, New York City, former paratrooper and now on active duty in the Army, lost most of the hair on top of his head after contracting malaria in the South Pacific. Sgt. Jonas says, "I tried everything under the sun, but nothing worked until I used Brandenfels' formulas and massage."



### THE WIG I USED TO WEAR

"I became completely bald while in the Army, and had to wear a wig, says Albert Van Beveran, Silvis, Illinois. "I was given a medical discharge because no treatment helped me. Now, after using Brandenfels' home course, I have hair again and have thrown away my wig."



ORDER NOW!

## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

At 351

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ Cash—I enclose \$15 plus 20% Fed. Tax (\$3), total \$18.00. (Will be shipped prepaid.)

☐ C. O. D.—I agree to pay postman \$18.00 plus postal charges.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... Zone..... State.....

Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C.O.D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the formulas become available.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY



## Snow Man

(Continued from page 13)

out a driver, and head frantically for Scotty's cabin on the mesa. Scotty knew not only the trail but also the claim in question, having packed supplies for its former owner, now deceased. Besides, who else in Ouray County could spot Joe several hours' head start and still beat him to the goal? For that matter, who else was crazy enough to try?

Yard by yard Scotty pictured the gorge, trying to determine what he would need. The exploded slopes, slick as glass; the snow slabs on the windy points; the great cornices curling over the ridgetops—a man would want luck mostly. But he could not buy that.

"Can I have a canvas sack about four feet long?" he asked Hy.

"Yep."

"Two percussion caps and a couple of short hunks of fuse?"

"Yep."

"And two sticks of giant powder?"

Hy's eyebrows raised. "Two boxes, you mean?"

"Two sticks, I said."

"You can't do nothin' with just two sticks."

"I can blow this place apart," Scotty said in sudden fury. Then, bolstering himself, he looked across the street toward the millinery shop. *Come on, you sleeve protectors!* Before the vision grew too fearful he made himself blurt, "Hy, what'll you take for a half interest in this pack rat's heaven?"

Hy's smile was wistful. "Who'd buy?"

"Me."

"Huh?"

"You heard."

"What'll you do with your burros?" Hy demanded. Then he noticed the direction of Scotty's glance. His face brightened. "So that's it! Well, a man can't cuddle a jackass all his life."

"Strange," Scotty mused. "Your nose don't look flat."

"Flat?" Hy said, fingering it.

"The way it keeps poking into things."

Hy retreated. "I was just joshin'."

"Suppose you just get that powder."

At a safe distance Hy paused. "About the half interest." It was easy to see how the wheels were turning inside his head. If Scotty wanted the interest bad enough to leave his stock farm . . . Hy blew on his mustache and then named a sum that scared even himself.

Scotty tasted the figure like a sour pickle. Would Shumway go that high? Obviously it depended on how tight a bind the gambler was in with the claim.

"I'll see what I can do," he told Hy.

While the storekeeper scuttled back to the earthen cellar where his explosives were stored, Scotty took off his wool-lined coat and red shirt, and peeled down his gray flannel underwear to his trouser tops. He was standing by the stove in a brown study, his muscles flat and hard across his naked ribs, when Hy returned with the powder.

"Now if you'll get me some friction tape." As Hy goggled, he strapped the dynamite to his chest. "It won't freeze there, like it might in a pack," he explained, putting his clothes back on and buttoning the detonator caps in his pocket.

Hy blinked again. "You're not going out in this storm . . . Scotty!"

But Scotty was through the door. Barely visible above the snowbank bordering the farther sidewalk was the feathered top of a ridiculous hat. He wallowed over the drift and jumped down.

Louise Morrison recoiled. Even in Ouray folks were not used to having bodies sail out of the sky in front of them. Then she saw who it was.

"Why, Cecil!"

Once he had whipped a muleskinner for using his given name. But now it sounded like music. He just stood there,

crushing his fur cap between his hands. Her mouth was sweet, yet stubborn, and there was pride in the way her head sat on her shoulders. She met his eyes the way a man might have—until his silence and his staring grew awkward. Then her long lashes dropped.

"You're in town early this morning, Cecil."

"Yes'm, I guess I am."

"Wasn't it a terrible storm?"

"Yes'm, I guess it was."

"Is everything all right up on the mesa?"

A vagrant snowflake had caught like a star in the glossy pompadour curl under her hat. It was all Scotty could do to keep from reaching out and touching it.

"Fine as silk," he said and sighed with relief. At least he was getting out of his conversational rut.

She smiled ever so faintly, her eyes watching the little muff in which her hands were nestled. "It's so pretty up there," she said.

"Yes'm I guess it is," he agreed happily. The farm was pretty. But she had seen it only during good weather, once when blue-and-white columbines shone in the long grass, and again when the September aspens were a shimmer of gold. It was after the September picnic that he had been fool enough to tell her the things he planned—raising and training first-class pack strings of donkeys and mules for special hauling, so that when tough transportation problems arose at the mines he could handle matters properly, as none of the slap-dash freighters around Ouray were able to do. Trouble was, building fences and barns and feedracks, and gathering together the right kind of breeding animals would take time. Too much time for a woman, when all she had to live in, and have children in, was a one-room dirt-roofed cabin that leaked mud during a rain.

Her violet eyes lifted to him. "It must be even more beautiful now, so white and still."

"Too much of the beautiful," he mumbled. *Come on, Scotty. Get it out.*

"Louise, ma'am . . ."

"Yes, Cecil?"

"I—I've been talking to Hy Jarman about moving into town and— and buying a half interest in his store."

There! It was out now. The rest couldn't possibly be so hard. Or so he thought.

"Cecil! Your farm!"

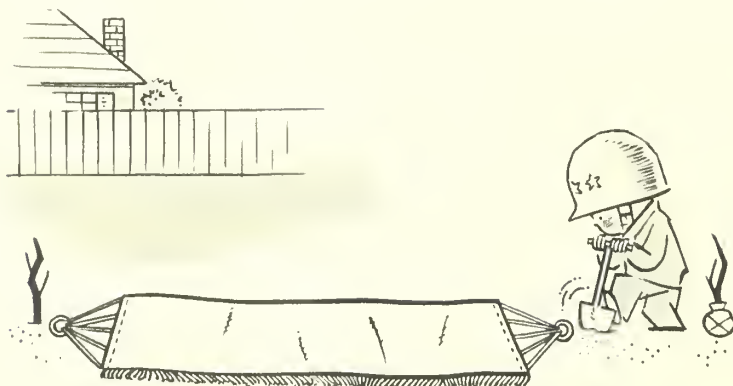
For just a second the meadows and the trees and the soft-nosed donkeys scurried through his mind. But with her face turned up to him that way, a man could not concentrate on donkeys.

"Stuck up there in the drifts," he said. "That's no good. But if I had a place down here, where a woman— well, hell, excusing me, ma'am—I reckon you know what I'm trying to say."

Her cheeks, already glowing from the cold, turned even pinker, whether from gladness or just plain surprise he could not tell. Nor had he any opportunity to learn. From the door of the Pastime

### GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



Saloon Harry Shumway's voice bawled, like a whip cracking.

"Scotty!"

Exasperated, he glanced around. Shumway's little rosebud mouth was pursed so tight in his fat, angry face that a circus strong man couldn't have driven a needle into it with a ten-pound hammer. When he spoke, it opened just enough for him to spit the words.

"When I hire a man, I expect him to move! You ought to have been on the trail an hour ago!"

Scotty turned his back. Those airs, he knew, were partly for Louise's benefit. Like every other unmarried man in town, Shumway had his eye on her. He stood no chance, of course. But he didn't know that. Men like Shumway never did.

"The trail, Cecil?" Louise said, her face troubled. "After this storm?"

"A little job."

"For Shumway? It can't possibly be worth the risk."

He looked at her and grinned. "Well, yes'm, I guess it can."

She did not smile in return. Her eyes went from him to the store. "Is it to buy that half interest?"

"Yes'm. You see —"

He could scarcely hear her voice. "I see," she said. "But you don't."

And then she was gone, leaving him to scratch his head in bewilderment.

Shumway's feet rapped on the sidewalk. His breath wheezed and his fat belly shook. "Are you out of your mind — soft-talking that female while Joe Totten gets farther away every minute?"

Scotty shrugged. "I'll catch him. But it'll be expensive."

"I told you we'd talk about that when you're back."

"No," Scotty said, "we'll talk now," and he named the figure Hy Jarman had given him.

Shumway's breath made an explosive puff in front of his face. "I can buy a dozen claims for that!"

"Not on Red Mountain."

There was the crux of the matter, Scotty figured. Late last fall, big silver strikes in the Yankee Girl and National Belle mines at Red Mountain had set all Colorado gabbling. Carbonates, wire silver, argentiferous gray copper — on the Denver stockmarket claims and fractions of claims sold for fantastic prices. The mere name Red Mountain was enough, though the district itself now lay prostrate under the iron fist of winter. But when the trails opened in the spring. . .

Scotty said, picking his words with care, "It must have been December that you were going over the record book in the courthouse and found out that last year's assessment work on Arne Svenson's Old Lout claim hadn't been done and that it was open for relocation. You couldn't get up the trail to post fresh notices of intention to file, but you didn't think anyone else could, either. To make sure no one learned that the original filing had lapsed, you cut the page from the record book —"

"You can't prove a word!" Shumway blustered.

Scotty grinned dryly. "Joe must have proved it. He and Molly must have seen

something when they were cleaning up your office last night. Then they pinched a couple of drinks, and Molly ran Joe up the trail to post the claim. It's only dumb luck she got so loaded that she popped off and let you guess what was up."

"I told you that much myself. If you think it makes the claim worth what you're charging. . ."

"How much are you charging those suckers you hooked in Denver last week?"

"You're dreaming!"

"Maybe. And the way I dream it, you sold a company of greenhorns an option on a Red Mountain claim which you don't even own yet. If Joe beats you to the filing, you'll be in a bind, won't you, Harry?"

"Nonsense!"

"And if I beat Joe, then I can make the entry in my own name. I might sell it myself to your suckers."

Beads of sweat stood out on Shumway's brow. "Now, Cecil —"

"Watch your language!"

"I mean Scotty. Be reasonable. You don't know who the investors are —"

"I might find out. I might even decide to keep the claim and work it myself."

Shumway collapsed like an empty bustle. "I'll pay! Just don't stand here doing nothing!" He was limp and frantic and wheezy, too soft and too cowardly to tackle the trail himself. And so he had fled to Scotty. Scotty, the snow man. Scotty, the cat's-paw who for years had been pulling other men's chestnuts out of the ice, apparently just for the love of adventure. Now look at him. "What's got into you, Scotty? You never used to be so ornery."

Scotty grinned. "You ought to fall in love, Harry. It makes a man wise." He flicked his gloved hand toward the perky hats invisible behind the frosted window. *Louise, baby. Louise, honey-child.*

"Be seeing you," he said — to the hats, not to Shumway — and started down the street. But his smile faded, for an unbidden doubt padded after him like a stray hound. She had said — what was it? — *I see. But you don't.* Now what in tarnation did that mean?

Joe's tracks were erratic. He did not know the trail well, and was not mountain man enough to detect its turnings under the snow. Where the path zigged, he had often zagged, ending in boulder piles or deadfalls; and increasingly frequent sitz marks showed where he had slumped down on logs to regather his breath. Yet always he had gone on again. Molly behind, the gorge ahead — Scotty chuckled to himself. Poor old Joe!

The storm was slanting down-canyon now, icy pellets that stung like wasps. Scotty's musings gave way to wariness. When snowflakes congealed into tiny balls like this, especially on top of old, sun-crustured snow, it was time to look sharp. Bending his head, he tried to speed up, his arms swinging rhythmically and his webs moving in a jog-like shuffle which years of practice had made look more effortless than it was.

Slowly the trail climbed, hanging to a bench between two tiers of cliffs, high

above the river. Wiping his eyes, Scotty peered ahead for some glimpse of his quarry. Nothing was there, except the blurred, tantalizing murk of falling snow. Through it the black shoulders of the precipices loomed remote and coldly strange. The canyon walls were pinching together. And now the slope grew too sheer for footing, forcing the trail to corkscrew down a long, bare hill to the river, cross it, and hunt for friendlier passageway on the farther side.

Scotty puffed onto the top of the drop. This was the place where he had hoped to scoot by Joe and leave him hopelessly behind. But he was too late. Joe had already floundered down the long zigzags to the bottom. Scotty could just make out the black dot of his figure, wallowing toward the river bank.

Unlimbering his pack, he pulled out the canvas sack he had bought from Hy Jarman, and stuffed it with snow. Then he string-tied its mouth and slung his webs over his back. With the sack in his arms he ran a couple of steps and flopped on it belly-down, like a boy with a sled. The slope, glazed slick under the new snow, was nigh forty-five degrees. Zowie! He let out a bawl, partly of exhilaration and partly of warning. His toboggan was upsetting the unstable snow on the hill. All around him it began to run in what the miners call a dry slide. Swish! — like sugar pouring down a breadboard. He started to howl again, but his mouth filled and all he could do was hang on.

It wasn't much of a slide — only surface stuff — but by the time it lost momentum it had turned Scotty under the sack and had all but strangled him in the carrying thongs of his snowshoes. He clawed loose, spitting and blowing. Joe was about ten yards away, crouched behind a tree for protection from the avalanche. When Scotty materialized, Joe's eyes popped as though he were seeing the old man of the mountain himself.

"Howdy, Joe," Scotty said and sat down on the sack to hunt up his lost wind.

"Scotty!" Joe croaked. Slowly the surprise faded from his face, leaving it gray-looking with fatigue. But he wasn't too tired to be suspicious. "What are you doing up here?"

Scotty dug snow out of his ears, stalling for time. There was no chance now of outdistancing Joe. The rest of the trail was a long uphill slog around the treacherous flanks of Mt. Abrams. With the way broken out for him, Joe could easily keep up. The best bet, Scotty decided, was to scare him off.

"I came looking for your body."

Joe's Adam's apple slid up and down under his shirt collar. But he was nobody's fool. "What made you think I was here?"

"Some fellows saw you headed up the trail," Scotty lied, and began painting horrendous pictures of the avalanches which at any moment might pour down the nearby gulches. Eloquently he suggested that Joe and he go home together, for he was certain that once Joe regained Ouray, not even Molly could drive him out again. Then Scotty could post the relocation notices at his leisure.



During the talk Joe's face turned even grayer. Town! Scotty remembered him back in Ouray, clucking at his brown nag as he hauled Shumway's beer kegs, or as he jollied wan smiles into the forlorn girls of the forlorn show companies that drifted into Shumway's Variety Theater. He was as familiar and friendly as the coal-oil lamps around the nickel-plated stove beyond the faro tables, yarning when he ought to have been carrying ashes and vanishing completely when manual labor showed its face. The middle of a blizzard was no place for him.

"Back?" he mumbled. His bloodshot eyes rolled toward the avalanche scars Scotty had showed him. "And every slide from here to Ouray liable to cut loose!" Panic grew on his thin cheeks. "It's twicet as far back as it is to Red Mountain! I'm going on!"

Scotty popped to his feet in dismay. This was not how things were supposed to work!

"Listen, you burro-brained idiot!" He lined an ominous finger toward the snow-misty bulk of Mt. Abrams. "You've heard of the Riverside Slide. That's where she comes—half a mile straight down onto this trail. A lee slope, man! That means wind-slab—chunks as big as houses, grinding and roaring, and a blast of air in front that'll tear down trees a foot thick. A whisper'll start it sometimes!"

Joe stood humped like a barrel-stave, one gloved hand swinging against the other. Riverside or not, Red Mountain was still the closest shelter. A look of sly cunning twisted his mouth.

"You're just trying to scare me. I'm a-going on."

Scotty raised an exasperated fist toward the heavens. "I ought to smack you one. I—"

Joe recoiled. "Go ahead," he blubbered. "It wouldn't surprise me. Anybody who'd hire out to do Shumway's dirty work—"

Scotty forced a hollow laugh. "Shumway?"

"You ain't fooling me. Nobody saw me leave town in the dark this morning." His voice grew bitter. "It's Molly, that's what. I didn't want no claim. We were getting on. But she. . . And after I'd gone home to catch some sleep before leaving, she must of sat up with that bottle, and when she went over to the theater after the show to pick up the girls' things, she probably began sounding off. And Shumway caught on, and he sent for you, and now you're trying to scare-talk me. But I'm going on."

He whirled away, crossed the frozen river, and scuttled up the far bank. Scotty felt as cheap as a cut glass diamond. "You jughead!" he shouted, though whether he meant Joe or himself, he wasn't sure. Hating the world, he shuffled on across the ice and up the mile-long slope toward the Riverside. At first he lagged well behind. It was Joe's funeral, wasn't it? But as the other drew close to the slide's notorious channel, he put on speed.

"Joe! Joe!"

Joe saw him coming and feared mayhem. He began to run, stumbling over his own webs. Near the edge of the avalanche path Scotty downed him with a lurching

tackle and rammed him into a snowbank. "Stay there!" he snarled.

Exhausted by his burst of energy, Joe obeyed. Spying a fallen tree limb, Scotty tugged it loose and carried it to the edge of the slide course. There he unbuttoned his clothing and freed one of the sticks of powder taped to his skin. This he primed with detonator cap and fuse. Then he lashed the powder to one end of the tree branch, lighted the fuse and rammed the other end of the branch into the snow, so that the smoking string dangled ten feet up in the air, like an old sock on a clothespole. As it hissed, he ran for cover.

"Down!" he bawled at Joe, and flopped behind a small boulder.

The explosive roared. Scotty's head felt as if it were a ripe watermelon being cracked on a sharp stone. Mouth open to relieve the pressure against his ear drums, he peeked around his boulder. The concussion of the blast surged across the narrow canyon, shook snow off the bushes, and then bounced back, carrying its own echo in a booming roll up the mountain.

Far above the low thunder answered. "Dig in!" Scotty yelled, but he was too excited to follow his own advice. His boulder quivered. The advance surge of wind watered his upturned eyes. Then the avalanche foamed over the cliff, a white chaos of sound and senseless fury. Great snow blocks tumbled and leaped. Pulverized snow fogged the air. Scotty covered his mouth and nose with a bandana. Then the world disappeared. The wave of air, trapped in the narrow canyon bottom, screamed between the cliffs. The white maelstrom, shattered by its own weight from above and by heaving atmosphere below, turned into a gigantic cyclone of fluid snow.

Gradually the turbulence subsided, and the drift of wind down-canyon carried away the hanging cloud. Scotty shook himself out from under the blanket of powder which covered him and probed for Joe. When he found him it was like lifting a log.

"You all right?" Scotty demanded, shaking him violently.

Joe snorted snow from his nostrils, tested one leg and then the other. He was a believer now.

"I'll go back," he said weakly.

It was too late. The long slog up the hill had devoured so much time that darkness would catch them in the lower gorge. Besides, the Riverside was temporarily safe. Scotty had no intention of wasting the opportunity.

"Do as you please," he said brutally and began picking his way across the tumbled debris.

Joe followed. He was terrified, and he was bewildered. Now and then he wailed, "You don't have to go so fast, do you?" But each time he paused, his eyes slid down into the canyon, piled deep with the wadded snow, boulders and tree trunks left by the avalanche. Then he caught up again.

Toward dusk they pulled out of the gorge onto the drifted meadows of Iron-ton Park and cut toward the tributary gulch where the Old Lout claim was located. The evergreens were a black smear

along the slopes. The rounded peak of Red Mountain—not red now—was a dull, dead white under the dull, gray sky.

Scotty paused. The silver strikes which had set all this excitement aboil were located two or three frozen miles due south. The Old Lout's one pretense to being in the district was that it commanded a view of the major operations. He snorted.

"You can't tell me this place is on the main lode," he said. "It mayn't be worth a dime."

"It's worth whatever the Denver suckers will pay," Joe said practically, and then asked, "What's Shumway giving you for this?"

Scotty shrugged. It wasn't only money. "Enough," he said.

"Suppose we file on it in our own names," Joe said. "A half interest each."

Half of what Shumway was paying would not interest Hy Jarman. Scotty walked on. "You know I can post the notices and beat you back to town," he said.

"But do you know who Shumway's suckers are?" Joe called.

Scotty stopped. "Do you?"

"Yes," Joe said and then spoiled it by adding, "I figure I owe you something for saving me from blundering into that slide."

*Or maybe you're figuring on how to copper your bets,* Scotty thought. Yet suppose Joe did know? A half interest might sell for enough not only to satisfy Hy, but also to let Scotty keep his stock farm on the side. *Louise, honey-child. It's pretty up there in the summer.* He shifted from one foot to the other.

"I'll think on it," he said and turned toward the cabin.

A gnarled spruce with a light-colored square hacked from its bark appeared ahead. "Corner post," Scotty said and then scowled. "Hey! That notice looks too fresh to have weathered out here since before Arne died!"

They rushed to the tree and read the notice. It was new, all right. Arne Svenson's Old Lout claim had been relocated!

"As long ago as that!" Joe wailed, reading the notice. He swore acidly, as if it were Shumway's fault. "Sitting on that page he tore from the record book, thinking he was so all-fired smart—just as if there couldn't be a new page."

Scotty wasn't listening. No store, he thought, and a flicker of relief ran through him, only to fade and leave him as cold as the night air flowing down from the peaktops. *So long, Louise.*

"Gus Purdy," he muttered, reading the name on the notice. "Ever hear of him?"

Joe shook his head. They looked at each other like whipped puppies. "What now?"

"Ask him if we can bed down for the night," Scotty said dully, "and then go home." *So long, honey-child.*

Gus was lonesome. Gus was voluble. He had an apple-cheeked face, golden hair that curled over his shirt collar, and big, blue eyes that were wasted on a man. Scotty watched him in disgust, wondering whether the fellow was twenty years old yet. What did Gus Purdy need of a claim? What dreams would have to be knocked out of him, like knocking the wind from



a man with a kick in the belly? To hell with him.

Gus had been alone too long to notice any surliness. While his visitors ate, he chattered happily. He was from Minnesota. Two years ago he had left the farm to seek his fortune in the Rockies. In Silverton, on the other side of Red Mountain, he had met Arne Svenson, also from Minnesota. For several months before Arne's death, the Swede had been sickly and had not kept up his assessment requirements on the Old Lout. Gus knew that, and after Arne's time ran out, he'd moved in. Pretty lucky, wasn't he, to get a place with a cabin already on it?

Scotty glared at his plate. Joe said in a voice that didn't hold much hope, "How much would you sell for?"

Gus shook his head. "We don't aim on selling."

"We?"

"Betty and I." Gus's apple cheeks grew as pink as the glow of the hot stove lid. Betty, it developed, was a waitress in Silverton. When the snow went off in the spring they were going to be married and come up to the Old Lout to live. He had, he said blandly, certain ideas about mining. Him, as green as the tall corn!

It was too much for Scotty. He stood up, walked twice around his home-made chair, and sat down with a bang. "Now I know you're crazy—two people, instead of just one, starving here miles from the main lode."

Gus merely smiled. "Oh, I know the claim isn't on the Red Mountain lode. But there's more than one vein in these hills, and I've turned up color in the tunnel breast. Maybe it'll amount to something, maybe not. Anyhow, we'll have had the fun of trying. You know how it is," he said. "Didn't you ever want a place of your own?"

Scotty's gesture swept the one-room cabin, roofed with dirt and wallpapered with newsprint. The outhouse somewhere yonder. The whalebacked ridges outside, the frozen emptiness.

"This Betty," he said furiously. "Does she want to live here?"

Gus stared wide-eyed. "Why shouldn't she want to?"

Scotty's hand dropped. "I quit," he said, and the conversation died.

They pulled their chairs close to the stove, their wet boots steaming on the fender. Joe's head nodded. Scotty's own eyes felt as if they'd been sandpapered. It was restful to close them, except that when he did he kept seeing Louise's face.

"So you fellows are from Ouray," he heard Gus saying. "It's a live town, I understand."

An electric tingle ran through Scotty. "You understand?" he repeated and shut his eyes again, so that Gus wouldn't see the sudden spark in them. "Haven't you been there?"

Joe woke up so suddenly that he almost fell out of his chair. The Old Lout was in Ouray county. The only place it could be registered was in the county seat at Ouray.

"I didn't like to buck the gorge with so much snow around," Gus prattled on.

A location notice at the claim was only half the story. Before title could pass, the

claim also had, within a certain time, to be registered with the county recorder. According to the date on the spruce, Gus's time was up tomorrow.

"Besides," Gus went on, "when I can afford a day off, I go to Silverton."

Scotty looked at Joe. Joe looked at Scotty.

Gus looked at the glowing ashes in the firebox. . . .

It was still dark when Scotty awoke. For a moment he did not know what had roused him. Except for Gus's soft snoring, the room lay dead quiet. He started to roll over. And then he knew. The space beside him in the bunk was empty. Sometime during the night Joe must have sneaked out, intending evidently to tear down Gus's claim notices, post new ones of his own, and then head for town.

Scotty felt for his boots, pulled on his mackinaw. On tiptoe he slipped outside. There he stopped short, hang-jawed with surprise. Joe was still there, staring at the night. Scotty stepped up beside him.

"Hello, Joe."

If Joe felt guilty, he showed no sign.

"Hello, Scotty."

The storm was over. The last ragged clouds were streaming reluctantly away from the snouts of the peaks. In the glowing phosphorescence of the moonlight, the giant spruce marking the claim corner stood out as black and stark as a single tooth in a broken comb.

Joe jerked his head toward the cabin.

"Did you ever before see such a virgin green, wool-witted, triple-A damn fool?"

"No," Scotty agreed, "I never did."

Absently he felt for his last stick of dynamite. It was still secure against his chest.

Joe saw the motion. "Well," he said, "what are we waiting for?"

When Scotty walked stiffly out of the courthouse late that afternoon, he almost

bumped into Louise. He would have fled, but there was no place to turn. Her head was up, and the feather on her hat caught the slanting sunlight. For a moment he thought she was smiling. But that was impossible, of course. It was just that he had gone almost snowblind coming down the gorge, and his eyes were doing strange things.

Maybe the noise of the last powder blast had hurt his ears, too. At least he could have sworn he heard her say, "I'm proud of you, Cecil."

He stole a look down the street toward Hy's store. Somehow she had got the wrong notion. But how was he going to disabuse her?

"Joe told Molly," she said, "and Molly told me when she came for the laundry. And she said the reason you made Shumway give you back the record sheet, so you could make the proper filing for Gus Purdy, was the girl—was Betty. Molly is proud of Joe, too."

"Oh," Scotty said. So Louise did know. He tried to sort out the new ideas. Well, Molly had always been a sucker for sentiment. Irish. Wearily he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a funny thing, isn't it?" he said. "A woman wanting to live in a place like that."

She stamped her foot—he'd have sworn she did. "Cecil, you blind—jackass!"

"Yes'm, my eyes do hurt."

"It isn't the place. It's the man."

"Yes'm. Gus is a nice youngster."

"Oh, Cecil, it's—it's working things out together that counts."

"Yes'm." Then his mouth fell open. "Say that again."

She did.

"You mean—any woman, with any man, any place?"

"If she loves him . . . Cecil, my hat!"

"You won't need a hat like that on a burro farm," he said.

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



## Let's Have a Better Cup of Coffee

By KITTY YORK



**I**T'S A CRIME what some people do to coffee.

A hot cup of good, tangy coffee can be (and should be) a joy beyond compare, but, for some strange reason, a lot of women just can't seem to make it right. They brew it too weak or too strong. They cook a bitter taste into it and they end up with a concoction that's practically unfit for human consumption.

With coffee costing what it does now, it really is shameful to waste it so.

What's even more shocking is that it is very simple to make delicious coffee.

Here are some tips for you to bear in mind when you're fixing the coffee for dinner tonight. They come from the very top experts in the coffee business, men and women who have spent years studying, blending, testing and brewing good coffee.

No matter what kind of coffee-maker you use — and they're all good — the first thing to remember is to measure the coffee and water accurately. Too many people add a haphazard portion of coffee, then toss in an uncertain amount of water, and



they wonder why their coffee varies from meal to meal.

In general, two level tablespoons of coffee should be used for each six-ounce cup. (That's the standard coffee cup size, just three-quarters of a measuring cup). Everyone's taste differs, of course, so you may want to experiment until you get the precise proportion that pleases you. However, once you've found the formula that suits your family, stick to it exactly.

Be sure to use the proper grind of coffee

for your type of coffee-maker. (Some people think they can get more flavor per spoonful by using drip grind in a percolator. They don't, and besides, they're likely to end up with a muddy mixture and a bitter taste.)

Use only fresh, cold water. Water that's been preheated or taken from the hot water tap has lost its freshness and can actually change the taste of coffee.

Always fill the coffee-maker to its total capacity. Otherwise, the taste won't be quite right. That doesn't mean making more coffee than you're apt to drink at one sitting. You shouldn't do that because nothing spoils the flavor of coffee more than reheating it. The best thing to do is to have several coffee-makers of varying sizes and to select the one that makes the correct amount.

How long should you brew coffee?

That depends largely on the method you use. If you steep your coffee, stir the water and coffee for about 30 seconds and let it stand for five to ten minutes. If you use a percolator, let it "perk" slowly (never, never violently) for about seven minutes. With a vacuum type of coffee-maker, only about two minutes more of heat are needed after the water has risen into the upper part.

Find the timing that gives you the best results and be a clock watcher.

*Never boil your coffee!* You'll ruin it if you do. When coffee is boiled, it not only loses its flavor but it develops a



sourish taste that's virtually undrinkable.

As a matter of fact, if you even smell coffee while it's cooking, you're losing the flavor! The coffee is too hot and much of its goodness is evaporating in the steam.

Serve the coffee as quickly as you can after it has been brewed. That's when all the flavor is in it. If you must wait to serve it, keep it warm over a very low flame, or better yet, in a pan of hot water.

What kind of coffee-making appliance is best?

The truth is that all of the modern coffee-makers be they dripolators, percolators, or vacuum types, are good. So are the brand new kinds which combine the steeping and drip methods. All of them keep the temperature of the coffee below

the boiling point. Many of them have automatic features that guarantee proper timing. Each of them will perform well if you do your part.

Remember to scour your coffee-maker thoroughly after each use. There's a residue in coffee that sticks to the sides and bottom which, unless you clean it out, will sour the new brew.

What coffee should you buy?

That depends on your taste. However, it is vital that you keep whatever coffee you buy as fresh as you can. Coffee is almost as perishable as eggs and butter, so you have to protect it. Keep it in a tight container. (A Mason jar is fine; the old-fashioned loose-fitting canister is awful!) Store coffee in the coolest, dryest place you have. And buy only the amount you need for a reasonable length of time.

You can have still fresher coffee by grinding it yourself. Buy the coffee in the whole bean, grind merely what you need each time, and keep the unground beans tightly sealed. The new electric grinders are excellent for this.

Don't overlook the new soluble coffees. They have been improving all the time and some of them now have wonderful flavor and aroma. Furthermore, they are so simple to handle — just a spoonful or so in a cup plus hot water — that there's



very little chance of spoiling their taste.

There are a few things to know about using instant coffee, though. Store it in a cool, dry place and don't keep it any longer than you would regular coffee. It's wise to keep the jar upside down. The fine powder has a tendency to settle, and, if you keep it right side up, the coffee at the bottom will get stronger and stronger.

Incidentally, instant coffee has some special uses you might like to try. It can be dusted over vanilla ice cream to make a surprise sundae. It can be mixed with



sugar as a topping for a coffee cake. Two teaspoons added to a package of chocolate pudding will give you a dessert with a fine mocha flavor.

Whether you use regular or instant coffee, however, give it the respect and treatment it deserves. You'll avoid waste and, most important, you and your family will — at last — have wonderful coffee any and every time you wish.

THE END



## The Men Who Will Man Our Fleet

(Continued from page 27)

Graduation Day for the recruits comes at the end of the eleven-week period. The company stands final seabag inspection, passes in review, and receives its graduation salute from the Commanding Officer at appropriate exercises.

The boys are then assigned to the Fleet or sent to special service schools ashore.

### WAVES at Great Lakes

Great Lakes is the only Navy station where WAVE recruits are trained. The



"I don't believe we should become complacent either, Ed, but try to relax for just a little while!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

training is just as thorough and strenuous as that given the sailors. The course includes Naval History, Naval Personnel, Ships, Aircraft, Weapons and Jobs and Training. Seamanship, fire fighting and ordnance courses, (including gunnery), which are taught to the men, are omitted. A comprehensive course in physical training provides instruction in swimming, calisthenics, rhythmic activities, games and sports. One hour of military drill is scheduled daily. Formal inspection of quarters and personnel is also a part of the daily routine.

Their recreation center includes a Ship's Service Store, beauty shop, soda fountain, study hall, library, lounge equipped with pianos, radio-phonograph, television sets and other means of entertainment.

WAVE recruit training is under the same type of superior administration and instruction as the Navy training. Firm discipline is maintained as among the men recruits. And the girls like it.

The basic training course for WAVE recruits takes ten weeks. After that, they are assigned to shore stations throughout the country for further specialized instruction and duty.

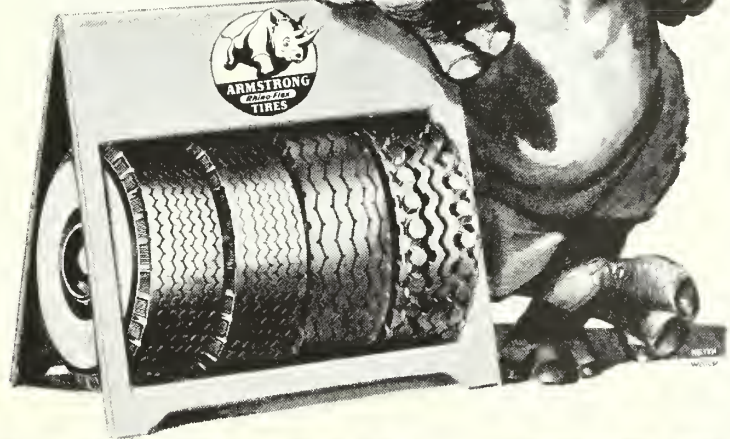
THE END

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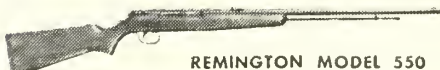
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# Remington



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## Will You Pay More Than Your Share In Income Taxes?

(Continued from page 17)

miles. None of what this cost them was considered, under the present tax laws, to entitle them to any deductions.

Perhaps the most glaring inequity of all is the medical expense allowance. As you know, you're allowed only the medical costs over 5 percent of your income as a medical deduction. So a man with a \$5,000 annual salary has to spend \$250 on which he pays a tax before he is able to start curing himself, or his family, tax-free.

This, it seems to us, is the most ridiculously illogical of the injustices under the present tax law. The least the Government can do is to apply the same logic in treating the cost of keeping its citizens in good repair which it uses in handling the maintenance cost of machinery in factories.

A business is allowed to deduct the full cost of repairing any and all of its equipment from taxable income. If an executive uses his ear for business, he can even deduct the cost of a smashed fender—all of it—from his tax base. But if one of his employees becomes seriously ill, the man is not allowed to start deducting the cost of his operation and hospital bill until he has spent 5 percent of his already tax-pared income on curing himself.

And if, as in one family with a \$10,000 income, disaster strikes, the tax law again shows how inadequate it really is. In the family we mean, the mother was stricken with cancer, the child got polio, and the father, worn out by sleeplessness and worry, fell asleep while driving his car and smashed into a telegraph pole. His total cost for medical and hospital bills that year was more than \$6,000. He had to go deeply into debt to meet the expense. His salary was mortgaged for the next four years. Yet only \$3,750 of his \$6,000 cost was tax-free. This seems patently unfair. It is bad enough to have to suffer, worse to pay for it. By what logic must

the Government add its burden of tax on to these unfortunate people?

There are many other inequities in the income tax laws that should be corrected. Some of them don't hurt individual taxpayers as much as they hurt all of us together. For instance, charity. Charitable deductions are limited by law to 15 percent of adjusted gross income. Many wealthy people would give much more than that if their donations were exempt from taxation. And many people would like to help others directly but the law prohibits any except certain specified charities from receiving gifts if the donations are to be tax-deductible. So, many deserving individuals never get the help they need.

One reason the small taxpayer gets so many bad breaks is simply that he is not organized. Of all the lobbies in Washington, none represents him. Unless he organizes himself, or unless some organization takes up the cudgels in his defense, the small taxpayer will pay more than his share of our ever-growing tax burden.

Even organized pressure will not correct the abuses of the income tax law overnight, however. If Congress should suddenly become aware of all inequities and decide to correct them, it would take months of legislative maneuvering before the law was actually changed. And it could not take effect on your tax for at least another year.

What can you do about your tax meanwhile? The answer is plenty. Not all the unnecessary costs of income tax are in the law. Many people pay more than they owe because of their own ignorance of the law. Their own mistakes cost them real money. Knowing your rights can save you hard cash. Remember, you are not gyping the Government when you follow the tax rules. You are merely doing your

### IMP-USES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



duty as a well-informed citizen. And you have nothing to fear so long as your return is honestly computed.

One of the most frequent errors is the choice of the wrong income tax blank. Most people do not know that there may be several different ways of figuring their income tax—and that each way may give a different result. On a \$5,000 income, the difference in tax between using one method of figuring and another may be as much as \$162. Each case is different, so no blanket rule can be given, except: figure your tax in all ways open to you before selecting your form for filing.

It is wise to do this early because, contrary to what most people believe, it is not possible to change your method of filing *after* the due date of the tax. You can change your method of filing *even though* you may have filed if you re-file *before* the tax due date.

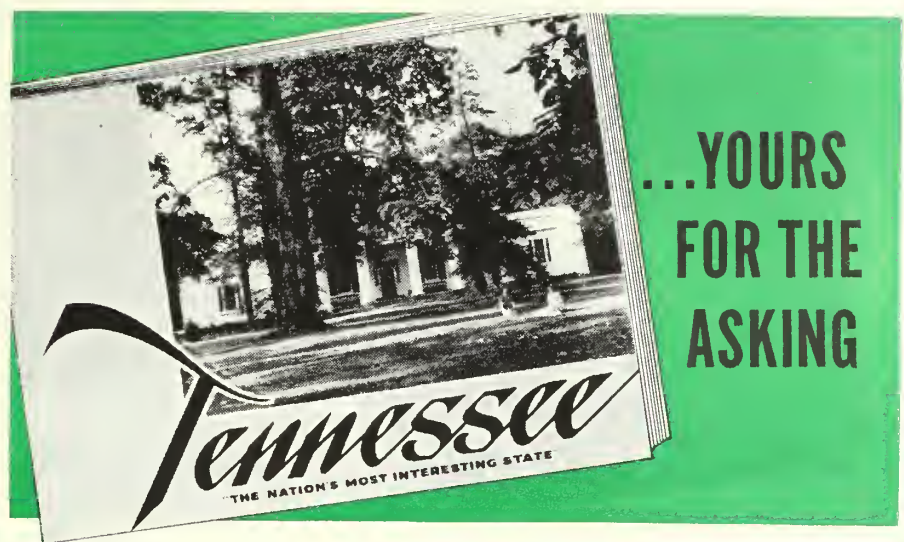
Possibly the biggest source of overpayment by small taxpayers is in their failure to take legitimate deductions. There are literally hundreds of items which are not listed on income tax blanks and which are, nevertheless, perfectly legitimate deductions from taxable income. It would take too much space to list them here. Those most frequently omitted include many medical expenses (such items as nursing care, surgical appliances and even necessary travel prescribed by a physician.)

Many people also forget to claim all their *dependents'* medical expenses, as well as all of their own charitable contributions, up to 15 percent of their income. You may deduct the value of clothing and furniture contributed to charity; even gas and oil used in legitimate charitable work are deductible. Other people overlook the full value of legitimate deductions from compensation income. Many professionals and businessmen do not take all of the deductions pertaining to their occupations to which they are entitled.

Many husbands and wives frequently ignore the benefits of one of the biggest breaks all married people get: joint filing. The advantage is that it is cheaper to pay the tax on two *small* incomes than on just one that is twice as large. Under joint filing you may declare your own and your wife's income as two equal incomes—one yours, one your wife's. You may do this even if you earned all the money. But don't forget that *both husband and wife must sign a joint return.*

There are many other sources of common error resulting in overpayment of many millions of dollars to the U.S. Treasury every year. Not claiming all the exemptions due you is one. Not spreading income over prior years is another. Authors, composers, inventors as well as others can get quite a break here. Some people mistakenly pay tax on exempt interest or dividends. Some pay too much on annuities or pensions. Others include in their income money paid by estates that are not taxed. Still others fail to claim all deductible taxes. These are only a few of the errors you too may make that can cost you money.

If you discover you've overpaid on your income tax, you can file a claim any time



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## DIVISION OF INFORMATION

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up to three years after the tax was due. Likewise, the Government has three years to get after you if you've underestimated your tax. After this three-year period set by the statute of limitations neither party

pay more than the law requires of you.

Many people make mistakes, both of commission and omission, on their tax returns which are never caught and which, after the three-year limitation, go into the limbo of dead files forever. But even the small taxpayer is not immune from Government inspection.

The first thing that happens after returns are sent in is that *all returns are checked for mathematical errors.* Then about 15 percent of returns (the big personal incomes, the big corporate returns) go to Washington for more careful reading. Of the 85 percent which remain right where they were sent, a certain percentage is spot-checked.

If an error, excluding a mathematical one, is found on your return, then upon examination the agent is given a report of your *past* returns. Your name does *not* go on a blacklist for *future* checking, however. Once you've been called in and have either explained your case satisfactorily or have paid up, you've nothing more to worry about—except that the Government expects you to be routinely honest.

The income tax law is unique in that you must *prove your deductions* to the tax authorities if it is decided to question you. You may plead that you've kept no records, but that does you no good at all. If you can't prove that you're right, you can be held wrong. This is the reverse of our theory of criminal law, which holds every man innocent until he is proved guilty.

THE END



**EVERY SEAL  
YOU USE HELPS  
CRIPPLED CHILDREN**

can do anything about mistakes, if nothing has yet been questioned. However, there is no statute of limitations on fraud. The Government can prosecute on a fraudulent tax return *any* time.

Federal Judge Learned Hand once said, "Nobody owes any public duty to pay more than the law demands; taxes are enforced exactions, not voluntary contributions." In other words, the Government neither expects nor wants you to



## The ABC's of TV

(Continued from page 19)

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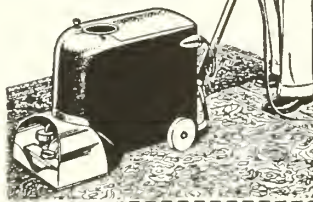
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to your neighbors who have TV sets, and get their opinions of the sets and aerials they have. And, speaking of aerials, your landlord may not permit you to erect one on the roof. The law is on his side when it comes to installing outdoor aerials and wires.

Make friends with the most reliable dealer and serviceman in the community. Not only can these men be of invaluable aid in selecting the receiver, but they can install and service it for less cost. Except for the technicalities which must be satisfied to insure clear pictures, the actual model of the receiver is for the individual to decide upon. You may buy an expensive receiver with a large screen or a simple table model. Results are likely to be more or less equal, so far as clarity of image is concerned, provided you choose the set of a reliable maker and have it properly installed.

Your friend the dealer or service technician is the best assurance for a happy culmination of the deal, since no two locations—even in the same building—are quite the same when it comes to video reception.

Video receivers are very intricate. They contain hundreds of times as many precisely-made components as the ordinary radio. Therefore, do not be dissatisfied if a new receiver does not bring in a clear picture the instant it is turned on. Television just isn't that way. Parts that have gone through a rigorous factory test may fail during the first few hours of home use and have to be replaced. Peanut-size tubes may crack under excessive heat. Remember, however, that such products are nearly always guaranteed for ninety days, and that defects will generally show up before that time, or not at all.

Because of video's intricacy, technicians should make a practice of staying on in the home, sometimes for several

hours after a set is installed, to make sure no trouble develops, and also to instruct the new owners on how to operate it correctly.

### ON SAFETY

Not all set makers have their products tested and marked in accordance with the fire-prevention and shock-proof rules of the Underwriters' Laboratories; but most of them regularly submit their products for this purpose. It is reassuring, therefore, if one finds a small metal tag, "UL" (in a circle) affixed to the chassis.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters, an advisory organization, recommends that all outside lead-in wires be equipped with an approved lightning-arrester unit. However, if the lead-in is a "coaxial" cable, the metal sheath should be grounded.

There is scant danger of shock from a well-made receiver if its rear protective screen is kept tightly screwed to the cabinet. This should *never* be opened except by an authorized workman.

### TYPE OF AERIAL

There are several types of aerial installation, all of which operate under favorable conditions. If an apartment dweller is so lucky as to live in a building equipped with a "master" aerial, which serves all apartments from a single rooftop installation, results generally will be superlative. All one has to do is plug in the set. Other types are the individual roof aerial, the window-ledge outfit attached to the sill, the portable indoor "V" aerial, and the "built-in" device placed inside the set's cabinet by the manufacturer. Window aerials, however, are not allowed by most building owners.

If the new set owner has permission to place his own aerial atop the building, a survey should first be made by a re-

**"You're darn right I'm a tax-payer! ... How do you think I got in this condition?"**

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



liable technician to disclose the most favorable spot for its erection. Needless to say, when a good workman erects the roof aerial it will be done in shipshape manner, but the set owner is advised to consult his insurance man about a liability policy to cover possible damage to the building or pedestrians if a storm blows the aerial into the street.

New Yorkers lost thousands of roof aerials during last November's storm in the East and in so doing learned that their service policies did not cover such a contingency.

The indoor V antenna, a handy, cheap and efficient device for strong video signals, is attached to the receiver by a flat transmission ribbon, can be tucked out of sight when not in use and moved about the room. It telescopes to a dimension suited for each channel. Reception may be best from one station in a certain corner of the living room; for another in the opposite corner, or on the floor. It needs no lightning arrester, no city law concerns it, and it brings in programs.

Such an aerial might be likened to a telescope which can be aimed first in one direction, then the other. This very property makes it adaptable to sorting out one wave from among the complex pattern of reflections due to pipes and girders in the building.

If you live in the country within reach of several video waves—50 to 60 miles—reception often can be good provided a "directive" aerial is mounted atop a high pole—the higher the better. In that case a local technician will be your best advisor. If nearer the city, reception generally will be reliable with a normal roof-top aerial.

Television, because it travels on very high-frequency channels, is blessed by high quality of transmission both day and night. Because its sound channel is on "noise-free" frequency modulation, very few local noises are heard. Aunt Susie's electric sweeper, for instance, has little chance of being heard during a program, nor has Dad's electric shaver. "Noise," however, is often present in the picture if the signal of the sending station is weak in your neighborhood. The only remedy is a better aerial or an improved lead-in system, both of which may be at fault.

Patterns of straight or wavy bars on home video screens in thickly-populated areas have been traced by radio men to FM receivers. The most effective remedy, they say, is a wave trap placed across the FM set's aerial posts, and attuned to its offending "oscillator." An unshielded oscillator can be quite a potent little "sending station." Since all modern receivers have them, this can be a serious problem of urban TV reception.

### THE SERVICE POLICY

Many persons have been induced to purchase "service policies" as protection against loss if the set breaks down. To date, nearly a dozen firms offering such policies have failed for one reason or another, leaving many thousands of policy holders with worthless insurance. If you invest in such "coverage" get it from a concern which is thoroughly dependable.

In view of the current predicament of those who already have been victimized it seems highly important for prospective set owners to know that the cathode-ray tube in a receiver rarely breaks, and there is no obligation to buy such a policy when a receiver is purchased. If a dealer insists, go elsewhere. Occasional repair by a competent man is often far cheaper than a policy.

There is no general rule to cover the costs of installation and servicing. Without a roof aerial, installation generally costs little. If a roof aerial is needed the cost may run as high as \$30 to \$50, depending upon the work involved. A good serviceman with helper asks \$5 or \$6 an hour and sometimes more. He is highly skilled, and deserves it. On the other hand, an indoor V aerial costs \$5.00 list price (\$2.95 at some dealers), and can be installed in five minutes. A set made by a reliable manufacturer, in general, needs little or no attention the first year, not much the second, slightly more the third, and perhaps still more the fourth. This writer has had such a set in operation as long as six years without a penny of cost. However, a cheaply made set can and often does cost highly for repairs.

There is one factor that bothers most persons when selecting a new set. What size screen shall I get? And under what circumstances are the pictures least tiring on the eyes? The screen's size is a matter of pocketbook, of course, but it should not be too large for the room in which the set will be installed. A good rule is: eight feet viewing distance for a 12-inch image; ten to twelve feet for a 15-inch, and so on. If the screen is too large the eye will see too much of the screen texture and too little of the real information on it. Most screens are least tiring to the eyes if viewed in a room with a light burning dimly, back of the viewers.

Television, marvel of this electronic age, perhaps the most versatile tool yet created by the world's wizards, will be of little use if its magical technical embodiment is not matched some day by superlative programs, educational features of great worth and interest, and affairs designed to bring the peoples of the world closer to one another.

Some of these things are now beginning. Television is being studied for its possible widespread use in medical consultation. Not long ago the Joint Committee for Educational Television came before the Federal Communications Commission with a recommendation that wherever possible at least one channel be reserved for such purposes in metropolitan areas and educational centers. Two years ago the F.C.C. established a television "freeze" to halt the granting of new licenses until it had examined data on how to reassign more stations than the 107 now in use in this country.

Plans have been advocated for television eventually to move partly into the ultra-high frequency waves where, it is said, many, many thousands of stations can operate simultaneously. Speaking in New York recently, Miss Frieda Henneck, Federal Communications Commissioner, advocated that 25 percent of all our channels, no matter how many are available,

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be definitely assigned to education alone.

Some day, television will be transmitted in full color. Recent demonstrations have disclosed that color pictures are far more attractive than just black and white. But the fact remains that not every program likely to be telecast is worthy of being transmitted in color, especially with the added cost involved. For that matter, if color were all-important, every newspaper cut would be printed in color, every movie would be in color on the screens of theatres.

Color will be here in full bloom some day, but on the word of the highest authorities that day is years away. No need to put off buying a set for the sake of getting color. That's the next step in this magical new world of video.

At the end of 1950 there were television receivers in nearly a fourth of the homes of the country—an estimated 7,500,000 sets. During 1950, TV, radio broadcasting and

manufacturing became a three-billion-a-year giant, wielding tremendous influence on the nation's way of life. However, this growth may be sharply curtailed in favor of defense efforts. This, it is predicted, may reach as much as 50 percent.

Major network expansions made in 1950 by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, both coaxial cable and radio-relay facilities, reached 17,344 channel miles, serving 72 stations in 43 cities. Seven other cities were added to the Bell System web by privately-owned links. At the year's beginning only 8,957 miles of cable and relays served 50 stations in 26 cities. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company plans for 1951 call for a micro-wave radio-relay link from Omaha to San Francisco, which, joined with other such links and cables from Boston to New York to Chicago and Omaha, will span the continent for the first time with a TV system.

THE END

## I Want To Be A Dentist!

(Continued from page 28)

my eyebrows (without the help of my hands), pursing my lips in a quizzical way, and popping my eyes as if startled at the progress of decay. I have a tape recorder into which I say "incisor" incisively and "enamel" enamoredly, and wind up with a sonorous rendition of one of the clincher words like "malocclusion." Yes, I keep busy enough. And I am not lonesome. I have my dental hygienist, Lola La Verne.

Comes the day of the appointment. At 1:30 I return from lunch to find Hiram P. Fillar holding his jaw, which I notice with a quick professional glance is still on his face. "Been waiting long?" I ask jovially.

"Jush since 11:30," mumbles Fillar.

"Sorry I missed you," I say. "Went to lunch a bit early."

Well, then we get down to work. "Open wide," I say to Fillar. Then when he has really opened up, and is kind of proud of himself, I say, "Now close part way." I don't know why I do this, but I do.

Then I poke in a little round mirror and have a look. It's cold, and I might manage to bump up against a sensitive spot on one of the back teeth. Besides, I want to see if I can catch a glimpse of Lola, who is standing comfortably close behind me. I can. "Looks good," I say. And Hiram, the sap, is encouraged.

Next I poke around a little with a gadget something like a button hook, but slender and sharp. When I scrape this between Hiram's teeth it screeches a little, and so does Hiram. Then, having spent half an hour of my valuable time on this exploratory work, I ask Hiram where the trouble is. He sticks his finger into his mouth and points in the general direction. Since I can't see anything with his finger in the way, I have to take a chance.

"Relax now, Fillar," I say with a straight face, "this won't hurt you a bit." I notice with pleasure that, despite my reassuring words, he remains as stiff as a plank. His feet are pressing hard against the foot-piece, his palms are moist with perspiration. As I move about the room, gathering

up swabs of cotton, rattling pliers and probes on the marble-topped table, and speaking in a low voice to Lola La Verne, his eyes follow me—without, however, leaving his head.

And now the climax—the one thing I've been waiting for. Not the crunching through enamel with a small crowbar. Not the drilling, drilling, drilling, down, down, down. These are all right in their way, and while they are going on I notice with satisfaction how Hiram grips the arms of the dental chair, how convulsive-



ly his torso twists and turns. But what I really had in mind comes when I've got the fellow's mouth stuffed with wads of paper and cotton, and when, as a final indignity, I've hung a suction gadget over his lower jaw, like an umbrella over a man's arm, to see to it that he hasn't enough saliva to swallow with.

Then, when I have filled the little remaining space with my mirror and probe, I ask an easy little question, such as, "What grade's your boy in now?" Or, "What's your opinion of the international situation?"

He sounds so funny trying to answer that I think I'll choke. Better yet, maybe Hiram P. Fillar will.

THE END



## How to be an Exterior Decorator

(Continued from page 23)

2. Weeding. Broadly speaking, there are two classes of weeds that raise hob with the lawn. In the first group are chickweed, plantain, buckthorn and dandelion. In the second is crabgrass, the most unremitting foe of lawns ever sprung by nature on the lawn-owner. Unchecked, these weeds will overrun the turf, choking out the good grasses.

Thanks to chemistry the method of weed eradication has been made almost painless. Where once elimination meant an uprooting of each noxious plant by

### WALLY



(From May, 1932 A.L.M.)

hand, now it can be done by spraying or by spreading a dry herbicide over the lawn with the little two-wheeled cart.

The latter method is preferred by many because of its ease and thoroughness of coverage. Your seed store man can advise you as to reputable herbicide brands and rate and method of application. As to the time, you should give your lawn its anti-broad-leaved weed treatment when the yellow heads of the dandelions first dot the lawn, usually about May. One dose will usually take care of the entire broad-leaved group for the season.

Crabgrass is a tougher customer. This is a wiry annual pest with branching, low-lying stalks that smother the grass around it. Fullgrown, a single crabgrass plant will cover an area as large as an oversized pancake. If permitted to grow to maturity it drops hundreds of seeds to assure a larger crabgrass crop the following summer.

In the past two or three years, horticultural concerns have come up with a number of remedies. Here again some are applied by spray. At least one is in powder form, and can be easily distributed over infested areas with the spreader. Several treatments at intervals of a week or so with this effective powder will knock out crabgrass before it goes to seed.

However, if your lawn has been infested with crabgrass for several years, there will be another but smaller crop of it the following year despite the treatment. Crabgrass seed germinates irregularly, sometimes lying dormant in the soil for several years.

Crabgrass is a doubly unwelcome pest. It not only throttles your good grass but, at the first touch of frost, turns an ugly brown, mottling your lawn with unpleasant-looking, liver-colored spots.

The time to begin the crabgrass control program is when the plants are growing

vigorously and the flat blades are big and wide enough to catch liberal doses of the herbicide. This period starts around July 1 and ends in August. The earlier you start the cure, the sooner you can reseed the areas left bare by the elimination of the weed and the less damage done to surrounding grass by its growth.

3. Seeding. Bare and thin spots in your lawn should be reseeded as early in the spring as possible. An iron rake can be used to scarify the areas to be seeded to provide a bed for the seed. The best rate of application is one pound of seed for every 500 square feet. A heavier sowing is a waste of money since only a given number of grass plants can occupy a specified area. Excess plants perish in the crush. After the sowing, the back of the rake can be used to spread a light covering of soil over the seed.

For quick germination and growth the seeded areas should be watered frequently with a misty spray from the hose nozzle. Watering should continue until sturdy plants have developed.

There are two general types of seeds offered by top companies. One of these types is intended for sunlit areas of lawn; the other for areas where there are long periods of shade because of shadows cast by trees or buildings. Seed purchases should be made with an eye to these conditions.

Quite often there are areas under trees where it is impossible to grow grass because of particularly dense shade and of near-surface root tentacles which steal soil nourishment. Where this situation exists, try a good ground cover like Pachysandra. This is an evergreen plant growing to a height of about eight inches which will spread into a thriving green blanket without benefit of sun. It is decorative and, as a lazy neighbor once remarked, "Every square foot planted with Pachysandra means that much less lawn to mow." Pachysandra is only one species of ground cover useful in hiding bald areas. Other practical creeping plants include English ivy, Baltic ivy and myrtle.

4. Mowing. There's a "right" way to mow the lawn for best results. During cooler periods set the mower to cut the grass at 1 to 1½ inches for that well-groomed appearance. When the temperature gets into the eighties in July, August and September, adjust to cut at 1½ to 2 inches. The longer grass reduces evaporation of moisture, holds down soil temperatures and protects the root systems from the blistering sun rays.

Always mow counterclockwise. Mowers throw clippings to the left into the path of the "next time around." Chopped fine by the second going over, the clippings fall to the ground, providing a protective mulch. If the grass is especially heavy or long at the time of mowing, however, use a catcher or rake the clippings away. A heavy mat of clippings can smother the plants.

5. Watering. A simple way to determine the need for watering, if there is any doubt, is to remove a three-inch plug of soil with a narrow trowel. If the upper

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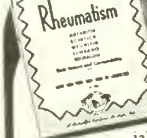


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inch or so is dry, the lawn needs water badly.

A quick sprinkling of lawn areas does little good. To fill plant requirements the entire lawn area must be thoroughly soaked by applying hose or sprinkler for 20 minutes or more in each area. Under trees the time should be doubled because the needs of both tree and grass must be satisfied.

The selection of shrubbery is a matter of personal taste and finances. In these matters your own likings and your pocketbook must be your guides, particularly the latter, since the prices of some species are astronomic.

There are, however, some fundamental rules that will help you get the most in beauty out of the shrubs you buy.

Generally speaking, evergreens are most often employed to harmonize the harsh contrast between vertical house lines and the horizontal foundation. You cannot go wrong if tall-growing yews or junipers are planted at corners of the house to widen it by illusion and on either side of doorways and bay windows to accentuate their beauty. Low-lying evergreens of the spreading rather than the columnar type can be massed effectively along the foundation in the gaps between the tall plantings. The result is a graceful green-all-year frame for the house.

The rhododendron and the species of azalea which retains its leaves during winter are additional evergreen possibilities for foundation favor. Since both blossom spectacularly, they add a bit of color for a few weeks each year.

The foundation planting need not be solid evergreen. There is a wide variety of deciduous and flowering shrubs, such as forsythia and lilac, which are acceptable substitutes. Many gardeners avoid such shrubs because while they are eye-filling during the growing season, the effect of the bare branches against the side walls can be depressing.

In planning shrubbery for the driveway entrance there is one "must." Never select

the types which will grow tall enough to mask the entrance from traffic on the thoroughfare. Many an accident has popped out from behind tall masses about a private drive.

Hedges can be effectively used as a "necklace" for the entire property, along walks or to form an outdoor "room" either for privacy or to hide the family wash on its dryer. Here again there is a wide choice as to cost and species. Many evergreens such as boxwood, laurel, yew, and cypress adapt themselves as hedges, but the price is a deterring factor. Privet and barberry, including a new strain with red leaves, are the commonest of hedge shrubs and the most economical.

As indicated earlier, your shrubbery reflects your own tastes—and your pocketbook. The best advice that can be given is that you decide how you want to landscape your property, make a sketch of your proposed plantings and then get your local nurseryman's opinion of your plan. After he has checked it for practicality, go ahead with it. To make it as painless as possible—and to prolong the pleasure of achievement—budget your planting over several years.

Mistakes in piecemeal plantings can be readily corrected; when you plant the whole forest at once you've got a major project on your hands—if the effect is discordant and you have to replant.

You'll find that if you tackle the problem of lawn care and landscaping slowly but systematically, excellent results can be had at the expense of surprisingly little hard work. You'll find a great deal of satisfaction in the beauty you create, if you have a liking for well-groomed grounds. If you haven't this admiration for man-improved nature there's a cash reward, in case you ever decide to sell your house. The Building and Loan people conducted an appraisal survey recently and came up with this statistic: the market value of a house is enhanced from 10 to 20 percent by the landscaping and lawn care.

THE END

## I.W.O.—Red Bulwark

(Continued from page 15)

is therefore well equipped to double up for the reds' leading agency, the communist party, in any emergency. When the communists falsely pretended in the forties that aliens could no longer be members of the party, they shunted all these non-citizens into activity in the "insurance" society. Through the twenty years of its existence, moreover, the I.W.O. has been the leading channel of communication between the communist party leaders and their faithful followers disguised as active trade unionists, medical men, or civic leaders. President Michael Quill of the Transport Workers Union declared, upon his break with the communists, that he had been called to a secret meeting at the I.W.O. national headquarters on Fifth Avenue. There he had been instructed by William Z. Foster, John Williamson, and other red leaders to break with President Philip Murray of the CIO. It was this order that Quill says he refused to obey and thereupon came under red censure.

This use of the national headquarters of this "fraternal" society for such subversive purposes is quite in character. Every branch of the I.W.O. in the nineteen states in which it is chartered has been employed for similar purposes. I have frequently met men in civic and trade union life in the headquarters at Pittsburgh, for instance, to convey to them instructions from the red center in New York. If questioned, any one of these men could always say: "What harm is there in going there to pay for my insurance?"

The very birth of the I.W.O. was for the purpose of making it a creature of Stalinite espionage and infiltration. Its original nucleus was the foreign-speaking branches of the social democratic benefit society, The Workmen's Circle. In 1930, with a great noise, these branches broke off from the older organization, echoing the Moscow line as they did so. From that time forward, the I.W.O. has always servilely stated what the Kremlin wanted said, both in public declarations



and within its local lodge meetings. During the Hitler-Stalin Pact period, it denounced President Roosevelt and his Congressional leaders as "warmongers and imperialists." Later on, it cheered for Teheran and for Yalta, just as all the reds did.

An I.W.O. lodge, indeed, cannot be distinguished in its political tone from a communist party branch. They look alike, talk alike, and act alike. It was my function along with other red leaders to visit I.W.O. lodges and give "educational" talks there. These were nothing other than the straight-out red incitations against the United States, always wrapped up in the current language laid down by Moscow. Many a night I was out talking to the I.W.O. members in exactly the

appeal was no different from what I had heard in countless communist party branches. Then she called upon a young woman who was the spokesman for the mothers' group of that lodge, working as a part of the communist party fraction in the local Parent-Teachers Association. This young woman stressed the need for popularizing the birth control clinic of the I.W.O., located in their New York national headquarters, as a means of freeing women to do more pro-party work. Then she brought forward the demand that the Board of Education be pressed to assume more responsibility for the children after school hours, in order that the mothers might work to aid Soviet Russia war relief.

This warlike tone, long before Pearl



"All right, do it your way, but do a good job, Fred."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

same accents and to the same intent as to the "card-carrying" red members.

There was a lodge in the Bronx which I visited on several occasions, and I shall invite you to enter its meeting, as it was conducted back in 1941. In the fall of that year, you would enter a crowded hall with me, up a narrow flight of stairs over a drugstore. There you would be struck immediately by one person who stood out, Comrade Fanny, an active woman leader, dark, vigorous, talking in "party language." In the course of an hour, she had cards passed out among those present, on which they could write to their Congressmen for the current Soviet demands, and she had supervised the sale of the *Daily Worker* and the communist theoretical organs. Briskly she received reports on the number of subscriptions obtained for the red daily paper, distributed yarn to be knit for the soldiers of the red army, and passed out cartons to be filled for Russian war relief.

With that, Comrade Fanny had only got started. Preliminary to my talk, which was to include an appeal for the freedom of Earl Browder, then in Atlanta Prison, she called for recruits to push petitions for the red leader throughout the community. In language and in tone, this

Harbor, but after the attack on Soviet Russia, was in marked contrast to the previous meeting of this lodge I had attended in the spring of 1941. Then, only a few months before, Comrade Fanny and all the rest were denouncing President Roosevelt as forwarding "the second imperialist war." That is what the national I.W.O. was also doing in large ads in the *Daily Worker*.

I went into these local lodge meetings as the official representative of the national committee of the communist party, was introduced as one having red authority, and laid down the law as I did in party branches. When J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. recently told the Senate Committee on Appropriations of the 500,000 "red sympathizers" aiding the subversive acts of the Soviet fifth column, he undoubtedly had these I.W.O. members first in mind.

The indictment which could be drawn up against the I.W.O. as one of Stalin's leading agencies for subversion would be extensive and detailed. The continuance of "language" groups and divisions in an "insurance" set-up becomes increasingly artificial in the America of today. But in the I.W.O., it enabled a constant inter-

(Continued on page 58)

## DON'T TAKE CHANCES OF HEADACHE

When Hunting or Fishing!

Get effective relief fast from headache, upset stomach and jumpy nerves with Bromo-Seltzer. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. A product of Emerson Drug Co.



TAKE BROMO-SELTZER ALONG

Monroe FOLDING TABLES

And Folding Chairs

Direct Prices to Legion Posts

THE MONROE COMPANY, INC.  
69 CHURCH ST. COLFAX, IOWA



## MAKE BIG MONEY FAST!

Show Amazing Copper Cote Ironing Pad Big cash profits for you! Introduce new COPPER COTE Ironing Pad. Wonder of the century! Presses both sides at once! Saves housewives time, money. Protects clothes. Fits all ironing boards. Sensational low price makes easy sales. Write for FREE SAMPLE OFFER and quick starting plan.

THE SHELDON COMPANY  
1223 SOUTH 23rd ST., DEPT. 630

MILWAUKEE 4, WIS.

## MEN! WOMEN!

TAKE ORDERS FOR NATIONALLY ADVERTISED WATERLESS COOKWARE

Big Money Full or Spare Time Starting a Carlton Cookware Club

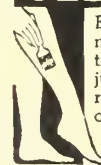
Big earnings daily taking fast orders for amazing new kind of Stainless Steel Waterless Cookware under Sensational Plan that makes it easy for every housewife to buy. Club privileges permit your customers to get Matched Sets of CARLTON WARE without missing the money—on sensational new Easy Payment "ADD-A-PIECE" Plan—PLUS up to \$5.00 worth of gift bonuses. No experience needed. We show you everything—supply everything FREE. Earnings start at once. Rush name and address. Be First!



FREE! 20-Use Set of Stainless Steel Cookware Given As a Bonus

CARLTON OF CARROLLTON, Dept. 35-C, Carrollton, Ohio

## OLD LEG TROUBLE



Easy to use Viscose Home Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe the cause of your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

L. E. VISCOSCE COMPANY  
140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 2, Illinois

## WANTED MAN WITH CAR

No Time Like Now to Get In Mc Ness Business

It's no trick to make good money when you use your car as a Mc Ness "Store on Wheels." Farmers buy everything they can from Mc Ness Men because Mc Ness Products are tops in quality, represent extra values. Attractive business-getting prizes and premiums; also money-saving deals to customers make selling Mc Ness daily necessities a snap.

We Supply Capital—Start Now!

There's no better work anywhere. Pays well, permanent, need no experience to start, and we supply capital to help you get started quick. You begin making money first day. Write at once for Mc Ness Dealer Book. It's FREE. Tells all—no obligation.

THE MC NESS CO., 997 Adams St., Freeport, Ill.



Use Your CAR to Raise Your PAY



**SECOND  
NOTICE!**

*DID YOU MISS THIS*

***Important News***



*MEMBER*



**AMERICAN**

**LEGION**

**MAGAZINE**

*RETAIL ADVISORY COUNCIL*



# for Legionnaire Retailers!

This is to announce the formation of The American Legion Magazine Retail Advisory Council.

The main purpose of this program is to increase sales and customer traffic through your store . . . to promote your store to Legion families in your community.

## ▶ THE PLAN ◀

The attractive insignia (decal) on the opposite page will identify you as a member of the Advisory Council and will help to establish your store as headquarters for Legion family purchases in your community.

Legionnaires who own a retail establishment are eligible for membership in the Council.

Each month The Legion Magazine will be promoting your store (*through the Council insignia*) to readers in your neighborhood telling them to watch for it and use it as a shopping guide. Millions will recognize this insignia as a symbol of good will and integrity.

### In addition:

1. Council members will receive a periodic newsletter advising them at a glance of outstanding developments in their field of retailing. For the present these letters will be limited to the following classifications: Drug, Men's Wear, Automotive & Accessories, Package Stores, Appliances & Hardware, and Food.

2. The research resources of The American Legion Magazine will be at your disposal. Requests for information will be promptly answered with data from the most authoritative source.



In return, members of the Council are expected to provide the following co-operation:

- 1. To accord a courteous and fair-minded reception to representatives of American Legion Magazine advertisers.
- 2. To use point-of-purchase displays provided by The American Legion Magazine when consistent with goods in stock and your own store promotion methods.
- 3. Respond to brief questionnaires about your store and merchandise.

**NO COST TO LEGIONNAIRES IS INVOLVED IN ANY PART OF THIS PROGRAM.**

**The American Legion Magazine, Advisory Council, 580 5th Avenue, New York 19, New York**

Gentlemen:

I am interested in becoming a member of The American Legion Magazine Advisory Council. Will you please send me more information?

My name .....

Store name .....

Address .....City.....State.....

Type of store .....  
(Men's Wear, Automotive, Package Store, Drug, etc.)

Legion Post No. ....Card No. ....

☐ **IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO AVOID DELAY,**

check this box. We will accept this as your request for membership in the Retail Advisory Council. Your Seal and full particulars will be forwarded by return mail.



# The Easter Bunny's

PHOTOS BY DONATO LEO



IT IS IMPORTANT to keep the assortment of colors uniform so no one color predominates. Here an employee at Henry Heide, Inc., works a batch of bright colored eggs into a spot that is too light.



FOR good little boys and girls.



TOO DELICATE for mechanical wrapping, decorated chocolate eggs are tenderly encased in cellophane by nimble-fingered girls on the candy assembly line.

← LEAVES, blossoms and tiny birds in every color combination flow from the tubes of this Heide decorator—an art rather than a craft.



# Workshop

By ROBERT W. DREW

**Almost as important as Santa Claus is the rabbit that leaves candy-loaded baskets for good kiddies.**



EASTER IS THE FEAST of the Resurrection of Christ, and Christians the world over join together in prayer and rejoicing at that time.

But what is the connection between this and the baskets filled with colored eggs and chocolate bunnies that are left in homes for good boys and girls?

To get the answer to this it is necessary to go back into mythology. The word Easter comes from the Old English Oestre, which in turn was derived from Ostern, the ancient Teutonic name given to the festival held for Ostara, the mythological goddess of Spring.

Now, it is said that Ostara had for an escort a rabbit. But he was no ordinary rabbit. Once upon a time he had been the fabulous Bennu bird, or Phoenix, symbol of the sun. He was living in Egypt then, and he had a very peculiar habit of destroying himself by setting fire to his own nest and being consumed to ashes. In the ashes would always be an egg, and from this he would be reborn again.

No one knows exactly when, but at some time in his career he took it into his mind to visit Germany. The goddess Ostara met him and was so delighted with him that she wished him never to leave her, and so she changed him into a rabbit. He lost his power to burn himself and to be reborn, but in turn he was given the ability to produce eggs which would bring luck to everyone who found them. And certain special eggs which he would put in special places on Good Friday are credited with most miraculous powers. There is the belief that if such an egg were kept for a hundred years, its yolk will turn into a diamond; or if it were cooked on Easter Sunday, it will act as a powerful amulet against sudden death.

The early Christian folk of Europe used to make straw and wooden likenesses of Mr. Rabbit and surround him with ordinary eggs. Later the parents would hide the eggs, for their children found it wonderful fun to hunt for them. Dyes were used to make the eggs easier to discover, and to please both the children and the parents. As people learned to make candy, particularly chocolate, Mr. Rabbit and his eggs were moulded from it. Frosted sugar was later added for appearance and taste.

Today the making of candy novelties for the Easter holiday is big business, with hundreds of large and small manufacturers pitching in to give the Easter Bunny a hand. Among the very largest suppliers to the Easter market are Henry Heide, Inc., of New York City, and Rockwood & Co., of Brooklyn, in whose huge factories these pictures were taken.

THE END



THEY LOOK GOOD enough to eat without further decorating, but those colored ribbons enhance their appetite appeal, so the neckwear goes on.

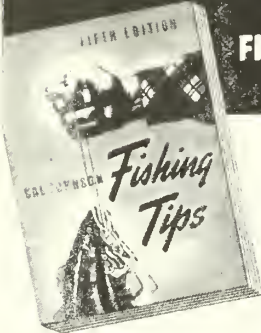


AT THE ROCKWOOD factory, a few hundred super deluxe baskets like the above are prepared for a number of special customers.



# Fishermen SEND FOR THIS BOOK

100 Pages of  
**FISHING TIPS**  
5th Edition



248 priceless tips on fishing, hunting, camping—as gathered by the Fishing and Hunting Club of the Air. Edited by Cal Johnson, famous fisherman-author. 200,000 have sent for it! Get yours!

Send 10 cents to cover mailing costs.

**JOHNSON MOTORS**  
1300 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois

**JOHNSON SEA-HORSE OUTBOARD MOTORS**



## AUTO WASHER

Your car sparkling clean—in a jiffy—Amazing "Suction" Auto Washer. Simply glide over car. PRESTO! Dust, grease, dirt, and grime disappear like magic. Leaves finish clear, lustrous. Auto gleams like a mirror.

**SAMPLES for AGENTS**  
Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name and address. No money to send. **SEND NO MONEY—Just your name.** KRISTEE Co., Dept. 1456, Akron 9, Ohio

## SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home

Famous Speedwriting system. No signs; no symbols; no machines; uses ABC's. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. For business and Civil Service. Also typing. 25th year. Write for FREE booklet to

**Speedwriting**  
Dept. 9203-1, 55 W. 42nd St., N. Y. 18

## Gabardine Trenchcoat

REAL OFFICER'S STYLE! **750**



With Military sleeve—NOT RAGLAN, but set-in shoulders, stormpiece, shoulder straps, yoke lining, 2 big slash pockets, belt all around. Weather-sealed by Impregna-Tex. Sizes 34-48.

Regulars, Shorts & Longs  
**SEND NO MONEY** Pay postman plus 85¢ COD charges or send check or money order plus 25¢ postage. Print name, address, size. Guaranteed fit or money back. Order now while supply lasts.

**STRAGO MFG. CO., Dept. A**  
13 W. 17 St., New York 11, N. Y.

## EZO—The Soft Dental Cushion To Help False Teeth Wearers

Helps Keep  
Seeds Out  
Helps Ease Pressure  
On Gums  
Helps Plate  
Fit Snug  
Helps Prevent  
Clicking



Now, pleasant relief from ILL-FITTING DENTURES can be yours with superior EZO Dental Cushions. No need to bother with paste or powder. EZO is SOFT and PLIABLE.

Money Back If You're Not Satisfied

Order Direct from Laboratory  
Send \$1 for 20 EZO Lowers  
Send \$1 for 16 EZO Uppers  
or Send \$2 for Both

**EZO PRODUCTS COMPANY**

Dept. 450B Box 9306, Philadelphia 39, Pa.

(Continued from page 53)

weaving relationship with foreign agents from abroad, such as alleged seamen of Greek, Polish, Rumanian, and other nationalities. It is largely in order to facilitate the work of spying upon our defenses that fifteen nationality groups, societies, and general lodges have been maintained by I.W.O. on a national level.

Of course, there has been another reason for this preoccupation with "language" groups, both in the I.W.O. and

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the foreign language national societies attached to the International Workers Order, and cooperating in carrying out its subversive work, are these:

American-Russian Fraternal Society  
Carpatho-Russian People's Society  
Cervantes Fraternal Society  
Croatian Benevolent Fraternity  
Finnish-American Mutual Aid Society  
Garibaldi-American Fraternal Society  
Hellenic-American Brotherhood  
Hungarian Brotherhood  
Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order  
Polonia Society  
Romanian-American Fraternal Society  
Serbian-American Fraternal Society  
Slovak Workers Society  
Ukrainian-American Fraternal Union

These organizations are the products of the I.W.O. They are not only valuable in recruiting men and women for special secret red activities, but the names of these organizations can often be used by the reds to obtain halls and other reservations at hotels. These organizations also are useful in hoodwinking local newspapers into giving favorable publicity to their work, since it is not generally known that they are divisions of the I.W.O.

\* \* \* \* \*

in the communist party itself. If the reds could play upon the isolated feelings of many immigrants, they would be able to use these people for alien purposes, just as they seek to turn the Negro against America and to make the Mexican-American feel that he is a member of a "conquered" people. That is what caused the I.W.O. to advertise rather extensively in red-created Slav papers in this country. It was out of such financing, plus the recruiting from the I.W.O., that the Soviet fifth column was able to create so rapidly the American-Slav Congress, when Moscow ordered such action.

From my experience as a leading communist, I can charge that every foreign language division within this "fraternal" organization had an espionage apparatus of some sort operating within it. Perhaps the leader of all was the Polonia Society,

## The Legion's BOOK SERVICE



**RED MASQUERADE: Undercover for the FBI**  
By Angela Calomiris

Angela Calomiris is a young photographer who for seven years posed as a Communist Party member while acting as a secret agent for the FBI. You have seen her pictures in this magazine.

Here is the authentic story of the inside of the communist party in the United States, how it operates, its techniques, its members. Here, in fact, is a handbook of communist activities on a practical level, by a courageous and intelligent young woman. **\$3.00**

**STRATEGY IN POKER, BUSINESS AND WAR**  
By John McDonald

Here's a fascinating short study of the fundamentals of poker strategy applied to business and war. Here, says Mr. McDonald, is the sure way to louse up your opponent—be it in a game of chance, or more serious business. **\$2.50**

**1951 INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC**

The new Information Please Almanac gives you facts, statistics, and information on almost any subject you can name. It covers the United Nations, education, our national economy, vital statistics, sports, science, aviation, personalities, politics, radio and television—essential for home, school and office. **\$1.00** (paper); **\$2.00** (sturdy cloth cover).

**YOUR BODY: How To Keep It Healthy**  
By John Tebbel

Your Body is the best, authentic information for the layman on how to stay healthy. This is not a cure-it-yourself book, but it does tell you how to stay healthy and happy by sensible living. **\$2.95**

### NEW UNIT HISTORIES

3rd Marine Div. ....\$5.00	508th Parachute Regt. \$5.00
4th Marine Div. ....\$5.00	442nd Combat Team. \$5.00
5th Army (Salerno to the Alps) .....\$6.00	409th Infantry Regt. \$5.00
6th Infantry Div. ....\$5.00	398th Infantry Regt. \$5.00
	390th Bomb Group....\$14.00

Write us for complete free list of available unit histories of both World War I and II

### Order NOW: Cash or C. O. D.

AMERICAN LEGION BOOK SERVICE  
734 15th St., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

Gentlemen:

Please send me the books indicated.

☐ I enclose \$..... ☐ Send C.O.D.

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Name (please print) .....

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City ..... Zone ..... State ..... March/51



the Polish section of the I.W.O., led by Boleslaw Gebert. This amazing Stalinist agent, who served as district leader of the communist party in the Mid-West in the early Thirties, and then became the underground director of red infiltration into the steel and automobile unions, remained an alien in this country for fully twenty years. All efforts to deport him failed, and he stands out as one of the scores of Moscow espionage representatives who exercised extensive power in this country while disdaining American citizenship. To my personal knowledge, Gebert not only obtained vital secrets pertaining to our military aircraft, but ran an extensive espionage ring.

Now that the Soviet satellites have set up consulates in the United States, the old form of communication with obscure persons can be expanded and intensified. Before I left the communist party in 1945, as I testified before the McCarran subcommittee of the United States Senate last year, the red Politburo had decided that the embassies and consulates of the "coming new people's democracies" would be invaluable for this anti-American purpose.

The dour but able Jack Stachel, the Politburo's long-time contact man with Soviet espionage apparatus, confidently predicted then that "leading comrades in information work in Europe" would be placed on the staffs of the satellite diplomatic agencies here. Stachel said quite definitely that this would make much easier the tasks "in underground work" of both the "language" sections of the communist party and of the I.W.O.

Long before these events, scores of red agents such as the professional Macedonian-American, George Pirinsky of Detroit, had broken the ground for espionage and infiltration by their I.W.O. labors.

This is only the beginning of the I.W.O.'s red work. In the communist scheme of things, espionage and other underground acts must be protected by "front" organizations. The I.W.O. has

many links with so-called distinguished men and women who can be called upon to furnish their names to these pro-red set-ups. The present president of the "fraternal" order, Rockwell Kent, has been a perennial member and sponsor of groups which the communist party brought into being.

As an artist of note, Kent has associated with many sections of the intelligentsia and has been in a position to persuade many of the unthinking among them to join subversive organizations. He has been particularly effective in this field, since he has devotedly followed Stalin's stand for many years. During the Hitler-Stalin Pact period, Mr. Kent was conspicuous as the then vice-president of the I.W.O. in denouncing any aid to Britain as furthering "imperialist war." He was responsible for proposing advertisements in the *Daily Worker* which used the exact terminology of the communist party at that period. It was he who initiated the "William Weiner Solidarity Enrollment," the national membership campaign of that order begun on June 1, 1941, to honor the head of the red committee in charge of the secret conspiratorial fund of the communists in this country.

Weiner, whose real name is Welwel Warzover, is one of the many illegal aliens who have functioned for years in this country for the red international apparatus. Up to and through 1941, he had been the president of the I.W.O., a silent symbol of the complete subservience of that agency to Stalin's fifth column. But in the previous year he had been convicted of forging his birth certificate (as though he were born in Atlantic City instead of in Russia) and of fraudulently misrepresenting himself to be an American citizen.

By honoring Weiner at that time, the I.W.O. and Rockwell Kent put their stamp of approval on such criminal acts.

Shortly afterward, the astute legal staff of the red high command discovered that the insurance laws of certain states made

**Light!**



800 ft. spotlight—brilliant floodlight—from one electric lantern, Delta POWERlite! Convenient. Safe. Economical. Uses one 6-volt dry battery. At hdwe., sport, or elec. stores. **\$4.95** less battery  
DELTA ELECTRIC CO., MARION, IND.

## Delta POWERlite

2-LITE ELECTRIC LANTERN

A PENNY POST CARD CAN PUT YOU IN BUSINESS!

### SELL LEATHER JACKETS

Every Outdoor Worker a Prospect!

• Sell them all! Telephone line-men, building workers, hikers, hunters, demand snug warmth, free-action comfort, sturdy construction. Write today!

COMPLETE LINE Jackets, shirts, raincoats, PLUS 151 comfort shoe styles for men, women. Liberal Comm., no experience or investment. Write TODAY for FREE SELLING OUTFIT!

CONSOLIDATED SHOE SYSTEM  
Dept. S-122 Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

### AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW AND SENSATIONAL IN EVERYDAY CARDS

**MAKE Extra MONEY FAST!** Superb Satin Velour and Metallic Show rich new cards never before offered. Get easy orders FAST! Amazing values low as 25¢ for \$1. Up to 100% profit. Free Samples Scented Stationery, Charmettes, Napkins, Personalized Book Matches, 60 other Assortments retail from 60¢ to \$1.25. Two \$1 boxes ON APPROVAL. No experience needed. Start now—WRITE TODAY!

PURO CO., 2801 Locust St., Dept. 129-C, St. Louis 3, Mo.

### MAKE MONEY with Bostonian SHIRTS

TAKE orders for old, reliable line finest quality dress and sport shirts. All styles... fabrics... colors... sizes. Sensational LOW PRICES. No experience needed. FREE Samples of actual fabrics and big Style Kit waiting for you! Send no money, but rush now! BOSTONIAN MFG. CO., 89 Bickford St., Dept. C-31 Boston 30, Mass.



### LOOK for Rupture Help

Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion appliance. This marvelous invention for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and Proof of Results. Ready for you NOW!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 104-G State St., Marshall, Mich.


### Made \$900 IN SPARE TIME

Make up to \$2 or \$3 an Hour

With a Foley Automatic Saw Filer you can file hand, band and circular saws so they cut smoother and faster and bring you repeat cash business. "I get work from 20 and 30 miles away"—C. H. Smith. No canvassing—no experience needed.

FREE BOOK "INDEPENDENCE AFTER 40" shows how to start at home in spare time with small investment. Write today—no salesman will call.

FOLEY MFG. CO.  
339-1 Foley Bldg., Minneapolis 18, Minn.

**"Your mechanically-inclined son learned how to open the gates today..."**

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



**IS \$210.00 A WEEK**   
**Worth a Penny Post Card?**

Then RUSH postcard with name and address. Get FREE details of amazing full-and-spate-time PROFITS made by ambitious men handling new Automatic Defroster for refrigerators on FREE TRIAL basis. Learn how housewives stuff your pockets with money when you just plug in the D-Frost-O-Matic to end defrosting mess forever. Send card for Special Offer TODAY.

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**Here's a Profitable BUSINESS FREE**

**MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU WITHOUT INVESTMENT**

No experience needed to act as our Local Dealer for MASTER Work Uniform garments. Every business concern a prospect. Advertising embroidered on garments is a big sales feature. You can easily earn up to many thousands of dollars per year. We supply all Sales Equipment FREE. Write

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**FREE BOOK On Colon Troubles And Constipation**

Many facts about colon disorders, headaches, constipation, nervousness or stomach, liver and bladder conditions are explained in a new 40-page FREE BOOK. Write today. Thornton & Minor Hospital, Suite 387, 911 E. Linwood, Kansas City 3, Mo.

**RETAIL PRICE \$125.00**

**FACTORY TO YOU \$59.95**

**SUPERSHOP** includes precision-built 8" tilting table saw, vertical and horizontal drill press, 30" lathe, sander, grinder. 100% BALL BEARING. Write for FREE catalog, full details, trial plan.

**POWER TOOLS, INC.** 1221 YATES AVENUE, BELOIT, WISCONSIN



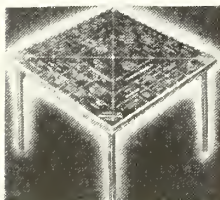
## R U P T U R E



**RELIEF...OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

Simple, easy to wear truss made by old surgical house. You risk nothing. Write for free booklet. Don't delay.

**WEB TRUSS CO.** Dept. AL-3 Hagerstown, Maryland



**Earn \$500 CASH**

plus 24 wood card tables, plus 48 double decks of cards for your Legion Post! No risk. Nothing to pay. For details write F. W. MATHERS, Dept. A.L., Mt. Ephraim, N. J.

**"Suffered 7 years -then I found Pazo brings amazing relief!"**

says **Mr. M. W., Los Angeles, Calif.** Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo! Acts to relieve pain, itching instantly—soothes inflamed tissues—lubricates dry, hardened parts—helps prevent cracking, soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. Don't suffer needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy application.

\*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®

it uncomfortable for any agency in that field which had an ex-convict as its president. Weiner resigned but continued his major conspiratorial work, becoming president of the communist party's publication corporation, the New Century Publishers. Kent succeeded him as president of the I.W.O., to throw an air of intellectuality and gentility around the post. It was in good hands, since Kent has always been in accord with the communist party since that time. He has lent his position to active aid of the *Daily Worker*, serving for instance in May 1945 as chairman of the special conference on that communist organ, to which only active reds were invited.

The character of other officers of the I.W.O. can be judged by the two general secretaries who served the order the longest, Max Bedacht and Sampson Milgrim or Milgrom. The former was a national committee member of the communist party for two decades, and served as general secretary of the party (the chief post) in the interim between the expulsion of Jay Lovestone and Benjamin Gitlow in 1929 and the appointment by Stalin of Earl Browder as American red leader. Milgrom was one of the most alert undercover agents for Soviet Russia in this country, functioning under the name of A. W. Mills. He was an expert in organizing violence in demonstrations, and has successfully defeated many efforts by the government to deport him.

Weiner's official connection with the I.W.O. was not an accident, since the Order is one of the main financial reserves of the communist conspiracy. One of the conspicuous methods used by the I.W.O. to aid the reds is the placing of large advertisements in the *Daily Worker*. In May and June of 1941, as a good instance, no fewer than ten advertisements from the 80 Fifth Avenue office appeared in its pages. This was the time when Earl Browder was in prison, when the party was doing all in its power to aid Hitler, and when it was compelled to make a special appeal for the *Daily Worker* in a leading editorial on May 20, 1941.

The bulk of I.W.O. ads generally made their way to the *Daily Worker* during such periods of financial distress for that red organ. Bill Browder as business manager and I as president of the corporation have had more than one huddle over when we could get these I.W.O. funds to keep the paper functioning. One thing that Weiner and Bedacht always reminded us of was that they had to make a strenuous effort to keep up the appearance of conforming to the insurance laws, which they repeatedly violated in this respect.

In the big financial drives of all kinds engineered by the party and the *Daily Worker*, the I.W.O. was a main reliance. Local lodges conducted parties, dances, entertainments of many kinds to aid the cause. In addition, I.W.O. members swelled the ranks of the local committees raising funds in the neighborhoods for the reds. A notable recent illustration of this fund-raising technique was the sum collected by this "fraternal" order for the eleven communist leaders convicted at Foley Square. That act alone

should have canceled all rights of this agency under the State insurance laws.

The I.W.O. goes further, and serves as a refuge for red trade union leaders who have been defeated temporarily in their labor organizations, for communist organizers who need a change of pace, and for ex-Congressmen whom the party wants to befriend. They get I.W.O. jobs or other forms of I.W.O. support.

Many of its physicians serve party members, or at least red functionaries, at low cost or even free of charge. They also are carefully cultivated by a special red commission which directs the infiltration of the medical profession. I am in a position to say that one of the most successful expansions of communist membership has been in the medical field, at least in certain large cities. That is due in no small measure to the nucleus which is obtained from the doctors on the I.W.O. lists.

The fanatical devotion to Stalin of any member of this medical staff is little short of amazing. Among many whom I got to know, was a rather well-known specialist, a native of Russia, and connected with one of the large New York hospitals. Through the I.W.O. he was assigned to treat me without charge. This he considered to be an honor, since I was the editor of the party's organ. Wishing to discuss revolutionary tactics more fully than we could do while I was receiving treatment, he invited me to dinner. His wife, who shared his bolshevik views, came in just before the meal was served, from distributing leaflets outside a factory.

This doctor then disclosed the frustration he felt as a physician, that he could not contribute enough in this field to the "revolutionary" movement, that he burned with impatience to see the violent overthrow of the government. He was also concerned lest his son, who was attending a midwestern college, should be so Americanized in thought as to lose his "revolutionary heritage."

If you had been able to look in on any session of the red fraction of the I.W.O. doctors, directed for many years by Freda Halpern, wife of the *Daily Worker's* chief editorial writer, Milton Howard, you would have learned of many New York doctors with similar views. It is no wonder that the Soviet fifth column is now using them so extensively in the committees to aid red China.

When the I.W.O. states that it is "a different kind of a mutual benefit fraternal society," it is telling the truth. It is "different" because it is alien to American life and has no right on American soil. The insurance commissions in all the nineteen states in which the I.W.O. is licensed might well take note and act upon such an undertaking.

Apart from New York and Illinois, which are now taking overdue action, these states are California, Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Washington and West Virginia. The subversive outfit also operates in the District of Columbia, where it is said to have an interesting clientele.

THE END



## How They Caught the Schnook

(Continued from page 21)

would have to remain quietly in the vestry until the litany was read. Doffing my hat, and dropping my eyes to the price tag on a steamer trunk, I stood in a reverent half-crouch before an altar of leather goods until I happened to notice that some of the other pilgrims were moving about.

Then up one aisle and down another I silently glided on tippy-toe, past tempting counters of Bermuda carriage bells, Maryland duck presses, Geiger counters, traveling shoe bags, and pewter tankards—but no fishing tackle. However, I felt sure I was in the right store because hanging from the walls were stuffed fish so huge that not one of them would even



have fitted in Kunkle's Dam back home. Under each fish was a golden plaque, and as I stepped back to squint at one that read: "Black Marlin caught by Sir Belvidere Blinkwhistle, Kaiwi Channel—1919," I trod on the well-polished shoe of a Man of Distinction in a tweed sack suit that still reeked of highland heather. "Sorry as hell, Mac," I said with a display of good manners befitting the dignity of the establishment. Then recalling that there was where sportsmen came to chat, I decided to engage him in further conversation. "Funny thing," I remarked, "but that fish has been hanging up there since 1919. Wouldn't you think it would smell by now?"

"Pardon me," he said stiffly, and walked on. I put him down as a bad sportsman.

Just then I espied the trout flies. They were all over the counter in a variety of patterns that would have staggered Shimmelbacher. Oddly though, none of the flies seemed destined for catching fish. Silver Doctors were mounted on swizzle sticks, May Flies were imbedded in glass paper weights, Dusty Millers were pressed into highball coasters, Grizzly Kings floated inside transparent bases of table lighters, while clusters of Cow Dungs, Yellow Sallys, and Black Gnats were clipped to greeting cards to send "to That Special Sportsman." There also were sets

of dry fly cuff links at forty-eight dollars, which seemed rather a high price to pay for a couple of lures that probably would never get wet unless you left them in your shirt when it went to the laundry.

A well-scrubbed Greek god, wearing dark striped trousers and a sort of summer formal jacket, sidled over to me.

"Is this all you got in fishing tackle?" I asked him.

"Our Tackle Salon is on the eighth floor," he murmured, staring politely at my sock tops where they rolled out of my high-laced boots.

Since he had been the first to really chat with me, I rewarded him by buying a "Fisherman's Necktie," to which was attached an assortment of feathered trout flies. It set me back eight bucks, reduced my tackle-buying budget to forty-two dollars, but I had no regrets. I could imagine the stir my tie would create when I wore it to meetings of the Schnecksville Fish and Game Club. Shimmelbacher probably would drop dead from envy.

Now that I had joined the world-wide fraternity of Wilburfiggen's select list of patrons, I rode the elevator to the eighth floor with mounting confidence. As I stepped into the Tackle Salon, I could all but hear the babble of mountain brooks and the boom of the surf. The piney tang of the Northwoods assailed my nostrils, along with delicate scents of rod varnish, reel oil, and bacon crisping over campfires. The whole atmosphere was redolent of masculinity—of rough tweeds, old leather, and the pungent spice of after-shave lotion.

Brightly wrapped rods bristled under streamers of yachting flags. Cases of polished reels and sparkling spoons and glittering lures twinkled on every side. Rich mahogany hulls of sea-going launches gleamed darkly in the reflected glow of outdoor electric ovens. Here was the Angler's Valhalla! Shimmelbacher's was never like this!

Staggering up to a showcase full of reels, I beckoned to a young scion of nobility who was masquerading as a clerk. "Could you please tell me the price of that reel?" I asked, pointing to the largest one, which was about the size of a barrel-organ. (Just the thing for reeling in Old Molenose, I decided).

"That's a reconditioned tuna reel, sir," the clerk whispered.

"Well, if you buy second hand stuff," I suggested, "maybe I can trade in my old reel. It's got a slightly loose handle and no level wind, but..."

"Only occasionally do we purchase a used reel—and then it must be exceptional. For example, the price of this one is four forty-five."

Carelessly I slipped a five dollar bill from my pocket. "Swell," I replied. "Wrap it up."

The clerk stiffened. "Perhaps the *pukka sahib* misunderstood," he said. "Four forty-five means four hundred and forty-five. Now perhaps I can show you something in a hand-line?"

Brushing me grandly aside, the clerk strolled over to wait upon a mustachioed

**Fishermen**  
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**FREE!**

Shows—New Rods, New Reels, New Lures, New Lines. Also, Fishing Tips, How to Bait and Fly Cast, Fish Pictures in Color, Official Fish Records. **Now! OVER 100 PAGES. WRITE FOR IT NOW! FREE.**  
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Fringed or Notched Blooms Supreme Florists' Strain. "The Handsomest Frilled Petunia in the World." Large, rich colored blooms in every conceivable shade on stately plants, 150 Seeds, Regular 50c Packet, **FREE** ONLY 10c with Big New Seed, Plant and Nursery Catalog.  
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Get Actual Lesson and 61-page book—both FREE. See how I train you AT HOME for good jobs and a bright future in America's fast growing industry. You get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE building Radio, Tester, etc., with many kits of parts I send. Make extra money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. Send Coupon NOW!

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Address.....  
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**FREE**  
Auto Economy Manual  
Tells how to save gas, tires, brakes, etc. Also introduces many new economy products. (Sent absolutely free to all who try Gane Needles).  
MANY GANE NEEDLE USERS REPORT up to 25% more mileage, faster pickup, easier starting and smoother idling.  
NOW TEST A GANE NEEDLE IN YOUR CAR for ten days, then compare your mileage and performance. If satisfied, send \$1.50 per needle (8 cyl. cars take 2). If not satisfied, just return it — fair enough? Since authorities differ on its merits and some users report no improvement, TRY BEFORE YOU BUY! (Gane Needle replaces idling adjustment screw in carburetors — easily installed in a few minutes).  
WRITE TODAY. ENCLOSE NO MONEY. PAY POSTMAN NOTHING. Just send us your name, address, and make and year of car.  
NATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE RETAIL CORP., Dept. C-3 350 W. Washington Blvd. Venice, California

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KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists... If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

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Orders Filled Promptly  
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**3 for 2.25**  
**AMAZING VALUES!**

SAVE MONEY! These are surplus stock from a big supply firm. Sturdy and serviceable; work shirts, though used, have been washed, sterilized and reconditioned. Every shirt of long-wearing wash materials. Blue, white, tan. Strongly sewn; reinforced stitching at points of strain. Money back guarantee!

**WORK PANTS to match . . . 99¢**  
Blue, white, tan. Send waist measure, leg length

**SHOP COATS . . . . . \$1.98**  
Blue, white, tan. Send chest measurement

**Send No Money!** Give name, address, and color choice. (Also state 2nd color choice). Pay postman, plus postage. Or send cash and we ship prepaid. Keep 10 days. If not satisfied, return for refund!

**YOUNG DISTRIBUTING CO.**  
Dept. L-G 2605 Elmhurst, Detroit 6, Mich.

fellow whom I recognized instantly from magazine photos as Sir Ernest Warmbelow, the noted British actor-sportsman.

"How do you do, Mr. Selby," Sir Ernest greeted the clerk.

"Hello there, Ernie," the clerk replied. Then, inclining their heads in my direction, they conversed quietly. For a moment I thought they might be discussing me, but at last I heard the clerk remark: "A Schnook if I ever saw one!"

So obviously they were discussing — not me — but the Schnook, that great Florida game fish.

For awhile I browsed among the lures: rubber bugs, plastic mice, nylon grasshoppers, and uranium minnows, all christened with such exotic names as Limping Louie, Feathered Popper, Quincy's Favorite, Flirty Gertie, Creepalong Cassidy, and Wabbling Wilbur. Printed matter on the box lids claimed remarkable powers for these baits. A plug called Svengali had a hypnotic eye to stare down the stoutest game fish, another named The Whistler shrilled out a kind of radar beam irresistible to the big fellows, while Noisy Nathan turned out to be a squid-shaped fluorescent spoon guaranteed to paddle through the water with a gurgling sound. The tag on a plug with hinged artificial gills urged the purchaser to give it a "bathtub test and watch it actually breathe!"

For the live-bait fisherman there was a jar of powder which, when mixed with water and sprinkled on the ground, promised to make earthworms jump out in three minutes, ready for the bait box. So engrossed was I with this exhibit, that I inadvertently snagged my sleeve on a hook and sent a tiny ⅜-ounce lucite lure crashing to the floor. Everybody in the department jumped, and one lady angler even fainted. A clerk galloped up, his finger to his lips. "SHHHHHH!" he hissed at me.

"I'm sorry. I won't make any more noise," I promised abjectly.

"Honor bright?" asked the clerk. "Cross your heart and hope to die?"

"I am sworn to silence," I said. Now that the clerk seemed convinced that I would commit no further breach of the peace, I decided to get right down to business and chat. "You see," I said, "I'm after a cagey fish at home we call Old Mulenose . . ."

"Is it a large fish?" the clerk interrupted.

"Large? Old Mulenose! Why he's the biggest old son of a . . ."

"SHHHHHH!" shushed the clerk.

"I was going to say trout," I explained weakly.

"Ah, yes, the trout," he murmured. "Salvelinus fontinalis —"

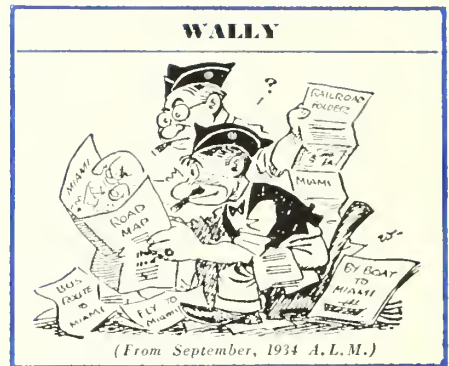
This time I shushed the clerk, but it turned out he wasn't going to say anything bad after all; he was just calling the trout by its Latin name. I apologized again, and then explained what I really wanted was to do some serious fishing and desired to be outfitted from top to bottom.

"From top to bottom, eh?" The clerk beamed. "Then you've certainly come to the right place. Our spun-gold tapered leaders and platinum spinner spoons have

whipped every important waterway in the world from the River Clyde to the Beach at Waikiki."

"Now you're revving, Roger!" I cried, clapping him on the back. "What stuff do I need to hook Old Mulenose?"

He coughed discreetly. "Let us start with the bare essentials," he said. "First you'll need a Dephthometer for taking bottom soundings, and, of course, one of our Underwater Thermometers for temperature readings at different fathoms. Both items come in jade-studded sterling silver carrying cases." Next he held up a scissors-like thing with many blades. "And I'm sure you will wish this All-Purpose Angler's Tool that will scale fish, untie knots, disgorge hooks, crimp sinkers, spread sandwiches, snip lines, retrieve flies, untangle backsnarls, trim leaders,



and manicure fingernails. Oh, yes — I almost forgot! It also skins five catfish per minute!"

Making a grand display of my bankroll, I purchased the first and last items (without carrying cases), which left me with an uncomfortable balance of twenty-eight dollars and some odd pennies. The pennies I threw under the counter to show the clerk how lightly a true patron of Wilburfiggen's regards such worldly goods as money.

Holding up a kind of wristwatch, the clerk went on: "Now if you don't own one of these, sir, I don't see how you got along. It is our own Fisherman's Tidal Watch and Yacht Race Timer. Not only does it tell the time of day, but it also indicates the four daily tides as well as the Solunar periods of piscatorial activity so that you may determine from the accompanying tables the predicted hour when fish are feeding — er, I mean dining."

I looked at the price tag on the watch. It said \$96. I turned it upside down but it still read 96\$. So I handed it back to the clerk.

"Oh, but think of the jolly fun timing yacht races!" he argued. "You own a yacht, don't you?"

My head wobbled a little, and he mistook it for affirmation. "Fine," he said. "Perhaps then you might care to look at something in bilge pumps, ship's ladders, lanterns, pennants, or a swivel chair for your pulpit?"

"Yo heave ahoy! Port your mizzen!" I cried, carried away for the nonce.

"Shhhhhh!" hissed the clerk. Apologizing once more, I tried to tell him what I really wanted were only the absolute necessities. Whereupon he showed me a chip-diamond studded magnetic lure box,



a triple drawer tackle tray that is suspended from the angler's neck so that it hangs down on his chest, a fitted picnic hamper (woven from the finest imported breadfruit tree fibres) for carrying the fisherman's lunch, a super deluxe portable bar for mixing cocktails while fishing from a rowboat, a crinkled iridium portable beer cooler (in case someone in the party prefers beer to cocktails), and a 115-volt AC electric barbecue rotisserie, the idea being that I could use this to barbecue Old Muley once he was brought to gaff. Since these "simple necessities" roughly totaled up to the amount of the mortgage on my homestead, I was forced to pass them by.

But I did buy a collapsible landing net, a bottle of jungle fly repellent, a transparent plastic creel, and a rigging knife complete with rope-cutting blade, marlin-spike, and a bail at each end to hitch to a lanyard. It all but cleaned me out.

Oh, well, I thought—up the creek to the poorhouse! Let lesser anglers cast their paltry flies and plugs and spinners. I shall cast the biggest bait of all—my bankroll!

Encouraged by this sale, the clerk next suggested a wardrobe of what he termed "Rough Clothing." "Not quite as rough as that outfit you're presently wearing, however," he added. With some embarrassment I plucked at my fraying cuffs while he hauled out what appeared to be a suit for a jet pilot. It turned out to be a pair of imported English waders at only about twenty times what I had left.

"They're too long," I hedged. "They'd reach up to my armpits..."

"Please! Here at Wilburfiggen's we never refer to *armpits*! Vulgar, you know. We call these our Off-The-Shoulder Waders."

"Not off *my* shoulders!" I snapped. I was getting sick of all this dignity. "What I'm after is something to *catch* fish with—rods, reels, stuff like that there. Now trot 'em out, Buster!"

"Rods? Well, why didn't you say so before, sir?" The clerk looked hurt. "Here we have a midget five-sectional rod especially designed for flying fishermen. Do you emplane to your fishing spot, sir?"

"If you mean do I fly to Kunkle's Dam, the answer's no. I can drive it in fifteen minutes in my Essex sedan." The clerk shuddered slightly, but I went right on. "What I want is a rod to horse in Old Mulenose and I want a big one. That one there looks about the right size."

"That's a deep-sea trolling rod at three hundred dollars, sir. Hardly suitable for trout."

At three hundred skins for a fish-pole, I agreed it hardly was suitable. Skipping the rods and reels, I finally squandered the balance of my Christmas Club on a collapsible turtle trap, a set of aluminum-leather handcuffs which attach the angler's wrist to the oar of a boat so that he may troll and row at the same time, a transparent plastic box for live bugs with a forward bulkhead into which you shake one bug at a time so that the others can't hop out when you screw off the lid, and a bottle of juice to dye minnows red. Since I don't know the first thing about tying flies, I also bought a bag full of raw

materials including hackle pliers, moose mane, condor quill, peacock hackles, floss, stiletto, and winding bobbin. It was all stuff I could never hope to duplicate at Shimmelsbacher's.

On the way out, I passed a display of goggling equipment, and got an idea. Whistling softly for service, I attracted the instant attention of a member of the House of Lords who was either a floor-walker or a senior partner in the firm. Between sniffs at his boutonniere, he looked at me strangely down a long nose that could have been used for motorcycle hill climbs.

"I'm after a tough old fish at home called Mulenose," I told him, "and if I can't hook him any other way, I might consider shooting him. How much are these underwater goggling outfits?"

"Masks start at two-fifty, swim-fins at eight ninety-five," he rattled off patronizingly. "CO<sub>2</sub> guns—that's carbon dioxide, as you probably didn't know—come complete with two harpoons and run around ninety dollars. The rubber-powered guns are somewhat less."

"For a fellow like me," I asked, "which type of gun would you suggest?"

"That all depends on how good a fisherman you are—underwater," he replied. Then giving me another long look, he

added, "It also depends on whether you can swim at all. However, I frankly fear that any self-respecting fish might take your gun away and shoot you with it." Then without actually shoving me on, he half turned so as to leave no doubt that the audience was over. Quietly collecting my packages, I slunk out of Wilburfiggen's, murmuring the words of the immortal Caesar—*veni, vidi, vici*—I came, I spent, I chatted.

When I arrived home, the first place I headed for was Shimmelsbacher's. Proudly displaying my Depthometer and Angler's All-Purpose Tool, wearing my trout fly necktie and my trolling hand-cuffs, dragging my turtle trap, cradling my bug box, and with plastic creel and folding net flapping from my shoulders, I let Shimmelsbacher feast his rheumy old eyes on what the Complete Angler should really look like.

When he recovered from the initial shock, he said, "Well, I see you come already back, only you're just a little anyhow behind."

"A little behind for what?" I demanded.

"For catchin' Old Mulenose," Shimmelsbacher said. "While you was off, Doc Stanley's boy hooked him with a night-crawler on a handline. On a size seven hook yet."

THE END

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Name  
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**YES!**

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— L. M. Mueller.



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**YES!**

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**VETERANS:**  
Course approved for Veterans' Training! To take advantage of G. I. Bill of Rights, Veterans must enroll before July 21st, 1951.  
— G. B. Corley.

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Desk TC-4703 Washington 7, D. C.

**Write Today for FREE BOOK**



# PARTING SHOTS



## TOO TRUE

*I know where my pay goes,  
I'm willing to attest.  
Uncle Sam gets his share,  
And my wife takes the rest.*

— JACK EICHOLZ

## NIGHT MARE

Two Hollywood actors met on the street one day and one of them said:

"Say, what's the matter with your agent? I saw him yesterday and he looks terrible."

"He's not getting enough sleep and he's worried," was the answer.

"How come?"

"Well," was the reply, "every night he dreams he books me into a New York theater for \$5,000 a week, plus three radio guest appearances at \$3,000 each and one picture for \$100,000."

"But what makes him worry?"

"He keeps waking up before he gets his commission," was the reply.

— DAN BENNETT

## THOSE FICKLE TV-ERS

*My friends now pass*

*Me by, unseen —*

*My neighbor has*

*A bigger screen.*

— IVAN J. COLLINS

## TARGET FOR TODAY

A man on a vacation had been told that he would find some good hunting on the lower end of a creek. Gun in hand,

he wandered for miles without getting a shot and was on his way back in the late afternoon when he met a small boy.

"Is there anything to shoot around here?" he asked the lad.

The boy sewled thoughtfully and shook his head. Then his face brightened.

"Here comes the principal of my school," he exclaimed.

— DAVE CASTLE

## OUR GARAGE

*It's stacked with piles of papers and with bottles to return,*

*With chicken wire and kindling and with pots for planting fern.*

*It's crammed with kiddies' playthings and with sacks of muleh and lime,*

*As well as chairs and things we hope to fix when we've the time.*

*And over in one corner there, and not a bit too wide,*

*There's room, if we look very sharp, to drive our ear inside.*

— RICHARD ARMOUR

## AND SHAME THE DEVIL

He had been a Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, and when the draft caught him in 1942, he was the only accountant who knew "Federal Procedure" in the 11,500 recruits at his brand-new post. The commanding officer was a somewhat stuffy

colonel, the other officers chiefly reservists. In no time at all, he found himself Post Sergeant-Major, doing most of the colonel's work and making all the administrative decisions. The junior officers he ignored, except when he wanted them to sign something.

The result was that the post achieved crack efficiency in record time, and the colonel was called to more important duties. But before he left, he called in the ex-tax man and told him he was being recommended for officers' training.

To his chagrined surprise, the man turned it down flat. The colonel even tried to talk him into it, but the sergeant-major had the law on his side. They couldn't make him an officer if he didn't want to be one.

"Man to man, now, and strietly off the record," said the exasperated officer when he finally gave up, "what variety of infernal, blankety-blank kind of foolishness is this, anyway?"

"Well, man to man and off the record," said the former Deputy Collector, "I've been in the Army long enough now to know I don't mind saluting officers, but damned if I want to associate with them as equals."

— JOHN REESE

## BUS DRIVER

*For calling out the names of streets,*

*We passengers commend him:*

*We know just when to leave our seats —  
Provided we comprehend him!*

— RICHARD WHEELER

## SUBTLE REMINDER

A woman stopped a doctor and said to him, "I'll bet you're getting a good fee for treating that rich kid down the street."

"Suppose I am," replied the doctor, "what is that to you?"

"Well," said the woman, "I hope you won't forget it was my little Rodney who threw the rock that hit him."

— AL SPONG

## ROUND AND ROUND I GROW

*I find at forty that my torso*

*Is all of that and even more so.*

— WARREN TAYLOR

## COURTROOM COMEBACK

In a certain New Mexico town the district judge and a lawyer practicing in his court seemed to enjoy a mutual contempt for each other's knowledge of the law. For twelve years the attorney found himself over-ruled at every turn. Finally he was elected district judge himself.

At his first session of court the former judge, appearing as attorney for the defense, came into court with a double arm-load of lawbooks which he ostentatiously arranged on his table, each book bristling with book marks for quick reference.

"May I inquire," asked the new judge, "just what the attorney for the defense intends to do with all that law library?"

"I intend," replied the former judge in a most superior manner, "to read this court some law!"

"This court," observed the new judge, "has been conducted without law for the past twelve years. Why start now?"

— S. OMAR BARKER



*"Well, men, which will it be, New York or Liverpool?"*



# "The bonds we bought for our country's defense are helping our boy become a doctor!"

**HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS  
ARE PAYING OFF FOR  
JOHN AND HELEN DALY  
OF STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA**

*John and Helen Daly are proud of their son, James. "Jim always wanted to be a doctor," says Helen, "and now he's getting his chance to study medicine, thanks to our U. S. Savings Bonds and the wonderful Payroll Savings Plan!"*



"Jimmy was only 13 when John and I decided to make U. S. Savings Bonds a part of our plan for his future. I signed up then for the Payroll Savings Plan in the Stockton Naval Supply Annex where I work."



"We've saved \$3,550, now. John has his phonograph business so I'm able to put more than 25% of my salary into Payroll Savings. I buy a \$100 bond each month which goes toward paying for Jim's education."



"Jim's at the University of Santa Clara now, taking pre-medical work. Bonds are paying his tuition, and we're still buying them toward that M.D. for him. The Savings Bond method is wonderful for parents!"

## The Dalys' story can be your story, too!

Whatever your dream, you can make it come true just as the Dalys did. But you've got to start *right now!* That's easier than you think if you take these simple steps:

1. Make the big decision—to put saving *first* before you even draw your pay.
2. Decide to save a regular amount systematically, week after week or month after month. Even small sums saved on a systematic basis become a large sum in an amazingly short time!
3. Start saving automatically by signing up

*today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as \$1.25 a week or as much as \$375 a month. If you can set aside just \$7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth \$4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family but for the blessed free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, you'll discover that you have turned your dreams into reality, just as the Daly family did.



**FOR YOUR SECURITY, AND YOUR COUNTRY'S TOO,  
SAVE NOW—THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!**

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"I'm from Milwaukee, I ought to know..."

**Blatz is Milwaukee's  
Finest Beer!"**

says *Pamela Britton*

co-starring in "Watch the Birdie," an MGM Production

• "I'm a native Milwaukeean," says lovely Pamela Britton, "and I know that America's best beers are brewed right in my home town! And, of all Milwaukee beers, none equals Blatz. It's my favorite, and Milwaukee's favorite... because Blatz is Milwaukee's finest beer!"

Yes—official figures show that Blatz is the largest-selling beer in Milwaukee and all Wisconsin, too!

Today, try a bottle of Blatz!



Pamela Britton, unknown to many of her fans, is an accomplished equestrienne. But, Pam, as friends call her, is widely known as a gracious hostess. When Pamela entertains, she sees to it that there's always plenty of Blatz Beer on hand!



Follow the example of Pamela Britton and put Blatz Beer high on your own shopping list. And be sure to ask for Blatz at your favorite tavern, club, restaurant, package or neighborhood store. Remember, Blatz is Milwaukee's *finest* beer!

Milwaukee's first bottled beer

